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THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

BY JOE T. CLARK.

WHEN a publishers' association recently offered a prize for the best allegorical figure of *The Press*, that keen-sighted little paper *Life* came out with a full-page drawing in satirical response. The daily press was represented by a tall hag with wild locks and insane eyes standing in the middle of a public square. She towered above all other figures; in her upraised and talon-like fingers she clutched masses of the dripping filth which formed a bed at her feet, and her occupation consisted in pelting this stuff at all who came within aim. Men, women and children were flying in terror, or had fallen, done to death, along the boulevards or in the gutters. The publishers' association did not award to *Life* the prize for the best allegorical figure of *The Press*.

Yet, there is in almost every city a daily newspaper of which this is a telling likeness. Its business manager has no enterprise that rises above the level of blackmail. Its editor is alert for stories of crime, and sleepless in quest of scandal. The hanging of a criminal would call forth a special edition, while a Pentecost would be noted in a paragraph. A newspaper, we are told, should have news and views in admirable balance, yet the

news of this paper is unclean and its views purchasable. It keys its news to the tone of the vulgarian who delights to read of lust and murder, and its views are determined by bargains made and cheques received in little rooms at the rear of saloons.

This kind of daily paper is not so prevalent in Canada as in the United States, but that we have papers that approach perilously near to the description, cannot be denied. The tendency of the time is downward, for while the daily press, conscious of its unworthiness, puts on a pretense of increased righteousness, its practices are constantly growing more indefensible and its influence more baneful. There is nothing now too sacred for attack, nothing too secret for exposure. There is probably not a daily newspaper of the first grade in Canada that would decline to avail itself of an item of news that one of its reporters secured by deceit, lying, eavesdropping or any other dishonorable manner. News is obtained every day through the perfidy of men who are trusted, through breaches of confidence, through the treason of employes, and no one, apparently, pauses to think of the effect upon morality of such an institution as the press growing ever more

powerful by provoking betrayals of every kind of trust in every level of life. Even if it be contended that the methods of the press are not more reprehensible now than ten years ago, and the contents of the papers no lower in standard, the influence of the same quantity of immorality is greater, for every year gives the daily press a wider field. The papers are cheaper because raw paper is cheaper, because type is set by machinery, and because perfected presses now print twenty thousand papers in the time that the presses of ten years ago printed half the number.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, on a recent Sunday in Washington, burst into a pean of praise of the daily press. As the politician, the alderman, the business man, the professional man, and all who fear being overlooked and forgotten, pander to the press to their own advantage, so Dr. Talmage pandered. He never approached a subject that required such prayerful preparation; he never addressed himself to an audience more in need of sincere counsel, yet he indulged in oratorical fireworks, and was afraid to deliver his message. In church last Sunday, I thought of Dr. Talmage. In the pulpit stood a man who spent many years in training to fit him for the task of delivering that sermon to a congregation of about five hundred people. During his years of preparation he had been drilled and made perfect in the knowledge of the church to which he belongs—its traditions, its history; he had pored over the writings of its founders and its leading men. He had studied philosophy, psychology, logic, and the ethics. He was taught not only what was believed in other times, but why those beliefs were abandoned, and how truer wisdom succeeded the false. He was taught not only what was true, but why it was true, and was trained in logic so that he would know how to proceed in entirely new premises. More than all, his sincerity, his single-

ness of purpose and purity of life were tested, and after years of preparation he was finally ready to stand in a pulpit and speak to a congregation of five hundred people, fifty-two Sundays in the year.

The editor of a daily newspaper reaches a congregation, not of five hundred, fifty-two days in the year, but of five thousand, or fifty thousand, over three hundred days in the year. The editor speaks to the members of his congregation, not in an impersonal bulk, but he puts his message in the hand of the individual at the breakfast table, or in the quiet of his room in the evening. The parson reaches only those people who come voluntarily and predisposed to hear and approve what is said; the editor's message goes out in search of auditors, and not only strengthens those who agree with him, but argues with, and perhaps persuades, those who do not agree. Who, then, are the men who wield this immense power and enjoy this vast pre-eminence? They are not trained anywhere. They pass no examination as to knowledge; they possess no certificate of character; they forswear no heresy; they subscribe to no creed; they are not under bonds to respect anything, to promote any good cause, or to overthrow any evil thing. They arrive precariously at editorial chairs, where each one of them addresses daily a congregation vaster than any cathedral would hold; and, as a rule, they are wholly unconscious of their congregations. They wonder why the world is going so fast to Hades, without perceiving that they are standing on a lever to whose slightest depression the whole mechanism of life responds.

A man was hanged the other day—a man who had smothered many women and children. From the time of his arrest to the time of his execution he was, in the columns of the daily papers of North America, treated as the most important and interesting man on the face of the whole earth.

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His portrait appeared in every Toronto daily paper, from one to twelve times. For a preacher to read from the pulpit all that has appeared in the local papers about this villain would occupy the time of the morning and evening service every Sabbath for a year. In print it would make a book as large as the Holy Bible. The man, as I say, smothered several women and children.

When at last he was convicted and sentenced to death, we had a right to assume that we should hear no more of him save that the decree of the law had, in due course, been fulfilled. But this man who dare not be allowed to walk the streets, who might have petitioned in vain for liberty to conclude his days in the desert of Sahara, and who was denied the privilege of living out his life shut in forever in a stone cell—this man had placed at his disposal all the appliances of civilization on the North American continent so that he might bring his personality into contact with the individualities of eighty million human beings. It was a foul contact. The press that published that lying story, that mixture of murder and mock sentiment, committed an offence that will be hard of atonement. When an evil thought is suggested to a passive mind the possible criminality of the influence exerted is beyond computation.

The preacher, with eyes looking into his, with faces uplifted to him, and with a more or less safe knowledge of his congregation, is fully conscious of his responsibility. He knows that if he speaks lightly of murder some of those who are listening to him may think lightly of that crime. He knows that if he declares wine to be a good thing some of his hearers will construe the statement into a license to get drunk. If he condones a fault, some will begin to practice it as a virtue. His audience is before him; he cannot forget his responsibility for a moment. The editor sits in his office, alone. He writes in silence. In a general way he is

aware that the article he is writing will reach a tremendous audience. He has no precise consciousness of it. He does not note the effect of each succeeding sentence. He is not affrighted at the construction some put upon an original declaration. He sees the article in the proof. It reads well. He likes it. He feels that Smith will agree with it—that Jones will attack it. The vast multitude of people who will read the article are impalpable and unreal to him. He sees the mighty press printing, at the rate of hundreds per minute, the paper containing the article, but this is a detail of manufacture. Each paper does not represent a reader or a family of readers to him. He sees the piles of papers, the wagon-loads of mail bags go out, but is still unconscious of his attentive congregation. He has written his article for the *paper*, not for the people. He forgets it in a day, but the influence of it may be as eternal as the eating of the apple in Eden.

Examine a daily paper. If you are an editor of a daily paper, examine your own. You will find in it despatches from Cape Town, Johannesburg, Matabeland, Abyssinia, Cuba, Wady Halfa, London, Paris, Berlin, and all parts of our own country. The secret service of any king or emperor that ever lived before the present century—all his couriers, diplomats, spies, hired traitors, soldiers and all—was not equal to that service which the editor of the smallest daily paper in Toronto has at his command. Does the editor realize this? Does he show the breadth and quality of mind that a man should who daily surveys the whole human race? With the vision, the nerves, veins, and arteries of a god, does he not persist in being a very commonplace human. Holding his paper before his face the editor is oblivious of the great multitude who read it. He is unaware and irresponsible; and, concealed from view, he is not held responsible by others.

The newspaper of the future, it

seems to me, will be developed, not along the lines of more pages and more pictures, but of more sincerity and more sense. The managing editor who will give his paper as delicate a conscience, and rules of conduct as correct as a gentleman would have in private life, will find, I think, the strange experiment a success. A newspaper whose statements could be relied upon under all circumstances, whose persistent good taste would become a proverb—might it not almost re-make our civilization?

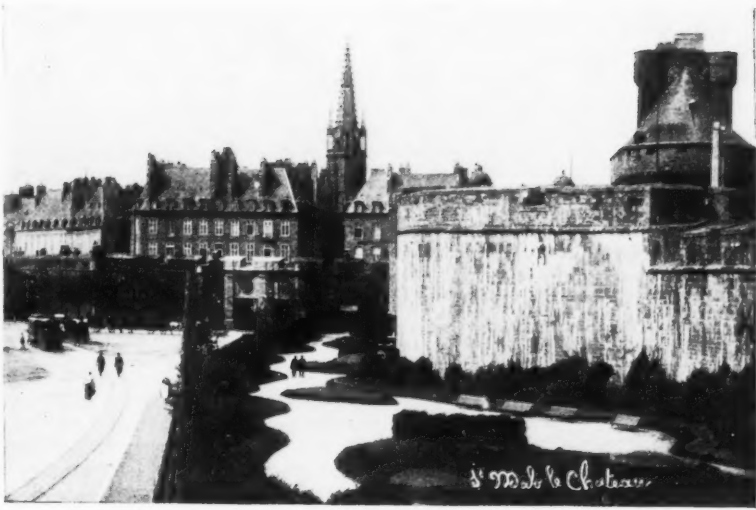
From the nature and extent of its powers, the press should be almost omnipotent in directing and indicating public opinion. The masses must get their information about public questions from the newspapers, yet we find to-day that when the people acquire the facts from the news columns, they turn in strong dissent from the deductions set forth in the editorial columns. The reader has found that the same set of facts will be twisted, in rival newspapers, to support contentions diametrically opposed to each other. If gifted with average reasoning power, he finds that he can draw safer deductions than either of the two newspapers has done. Each paper is continuously engaged in bending facts to fit a political theory to which it is enslaved. If a truth comes to light which is inconsistent with the pre-existent theory, the editor proceeds to suppress or disfigure that truth. The reasoning reader is not deceived. He realizes that the newspaper is not an arbitrator, but an interested partizan, an in-

temperate wrangler in the tumult of contrary opinions. The guides quarrel as to the correct route to be pursued, efface the landmarks, destroy the signs and tokens, and leave the traveller worse than guideless. He strikes out a course of his own.

The men who write the political editorials in the daily newspapers are, under the present system, not necessarily in earnest. An editorial writer is employed by the manager of a newspaper, not for the warmth of his convictions, but because of his facility of expression, his extent of experience, or his volume of information. There are prominent editorial writers in Canada who have progressed from paper to paper, changing their points of view with every change of employer—championing the National Policy in one paper, tearing it to shreds in another; leading a crusade in one paper against the influence of French Catholicism in politics, rounding upon fellow-crusaders, a month later, in another paper. While editors continue to be hired and discharged like ordinary laborers, and approach their duties without conviction, the possibilities of the press must remain undeveloped. Daily intercourse between Canada and the United States, the systems of telegraphic news supply and other causes are drawing our newspapers into the wake of the great New York papers. This is to be regretted. The splendid newspapers of London, earnest, honest, respectable and dignified, present finer models to us.



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ST. MALO, FRANCE, SHEWING THE OLD CITY WALL.

HUNTING FOR JACQUES CARTIER.

BY KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH.

IT was a feeling of love to Canada and loyalty to her traditions that made us choose our route from Jersey to France. We had learned at school, both in history and geography, that our great discoverer owned St. Malo as his birth-place, and as he had taken a great deal of trouble, and travelled a long way to discover us, we thought it was only fair that after travelling quite as far, we should try to discover him.

The idea of what might have happened if Jacques Cartier had not discovered us was startling. Where might we not have been if we had been found by the Cabots alone? If there had been no New France in Canada for Britain to conquer, how unpicturesque the front pages of our histories would have been! Without the romance that surrounds Champlain, Maisonneuve, and Frontenac, and the glory that gilds

Wolfe, how dull would our chronicles have been! Had there been no French in Canada to spur our loyalty, who can tell but we might from inanition have joined in the American Revolution and become a fourteenth state in the Union? And what would the monotony of our politics have been with no French-Canadian Question—no Northwest Rebellion—no Jesuits' Estates Act—no Remedial Bill?

But Jacques Cartier did discover us, and the eyes of the hardy old salt gazed back to the same fair France and the same rock-girt harbor toward which our sight was straining, and his eyes may have dimmed with tears for love of the land he was leaving and his heart have quailed at thought of the untracked sea and the unknown country beyond.

We sailed placidly over the summer sea, the English Channel being in its

most amiable humor, and before the rocky headlands of the Channel Islands became dim to our view the coast of France rose visibly before us. We passed many islands, some fortified and bristling with cannon, some bare and black, worn smooth by the waves which at flood-tide covered many of them from sight. These great, curiously-shaped rocks surround the spur of land (formerly an island, but now joined to the mainland by a causeway) upon which the citadel of St. Malo is built, and seem like sentinels standing guard about her. On one of the rocky isles is the lonely grave of the author and statesman, Chateaubriand, who, like Cartier, was born in St. Malo. The spot is marked by a plain granite slab, with a railing round it, and at high tide its wave-washed isolation is impressive, but the retreat of the tide makes it accessible from the shore for an hour or two each day, and spoils its spirit of solitude.

The quays are the pride of St. Malo, and are best seen at low tide when the vessels that have sailed proudly into the tidal harbor, lean limply over, their great top masts on a level with the dock, their keels sunk deep in the slimy, oily mud, and their decks only to be reached by the aid of long ladders. The tide rises fifty feet from low water mark, and this aids in making the coast of Brittany one of the most pleasant and most picturesque pleasure grounds in France. We sailed in when the tide was high, and the harbor full of shipping from all parts of the world. A great babel of sounds of all sorts greeted us, but high above the din could be heard the shrill bark of a little yellow terrier, who seemed almost beside himself at the sight of our ship. Our rope was thrown ashore and caught by men standing by, and also by the little dog who gripped it with his teeth, and would not let go, even when he was raised right off his feet. As it was being made fast, the dog strained and pulled with the great rope in his mouth, till his round eyes

bulged and his hair stood up like wire, and when the work was completed the satisfied wag of his stump of a tail showed that he thought he had done it all.

We walked ashore delighted with the clatter of foreign tongues, laughing and shaking our heads at those who besieged us with offers of many sorts, but when a bleary and beery old woman in a bedraggled cloak seized my satchel, I protested in plain English, and she jabbered back in vile French. I knew it was vile because I could not understand it—and I had learned French in a good Canadian school. I regained possession by a jerk, and would have walked away but the old creature kept beside me talking very loudly. I took no notice until at length she condescended to speak English, and asked authoritatively, "No seegars? No pare-fume?" Then I knew she was of that strange race, a female customs officer, and I satisfied her curiosity.

It was just like a medieval romance walking up to the great wall that surrounds St. Malo, and entering the city through an archway with ponderous iron gates, guarded inside and out by dear, natty little French toy soldiers. Everything is quaintly interesting, ancient and foreign in St. Malo. The streets are narrow and winding, and run up and down hill and round a corner without any good reason why. Some wind and twist and turn without ever a cross street and land you up against a blank wall, leaving you no option but to go back the way you came. Others all run to angles, and so many streets cross and lanes branch off in all directions, that it would puzzle a politician to know which was the right road, or which was the one he was on. We went along a cobble-paved alley, which had no side walks and very little middle, where we could have shaken hands with people in the doorways on both sides of the street at once. The road was winding and steep, the buildings with high-pitched

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roofs and projecting gables nearly met above our heads, and even at noonday the sun had to work hard to catch a glimpse of the pavement. The advent of a donkey hitched to a narrow cart drove us into a dilapidated doorway which belonged to a house once owned no doubt by a proud Breton family. It was very picturesque in its ruin, with wooden pillars and strangely carved criss-cross timber beams, and had a quaint air of standing on tip-toe and bending over to see what might lie at its feet. Its stories projected out so far, one above the other, that it seemed as if a slight shove from behind would send it toppling over — but evidently the shove had been long withheld, as it had stood thus since the fifteenth century.

Though so narrow and tortuous, the road led us

to the old cathedral, now only the parish church, the self-same building in which the people knelt to pray when Jacques Cartier set sail to find us. The church was so edged in and built about with houses that hardly any of it could be seen but the imposing spire and roof, but the dim interior was quaint and strangely impressive, despite its tawdry decorations.

The shops and the market were delightful, and the meals at the hotel (where no one spoke English) were

more typically French than we found anywhere else. And the people were so merry and light-hearted and so unaffectedly interested in us that we could not help but think them charming. The hotels all face a square where there are trees, a fountain and a bandstand, with the city wall as a background and a view of the castle with its ancient keep and round towers, which is one of the interesting sights of St. Malo. In the square is almost the only bit of green sward to be

found, for there are no back yards in St. Malo, nothing but tall houses with narrow streets between.

We walked all around the city on top of the wall and had a grand view out over the sea and the great beetling rocks, which the receding tide had left high out of the water. It was amusing to see scores of women,

scantly attired, doing their family washing in the pools left in the hollow of the rocks and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Boys and girls were searching for shells, filling canvas bags with mussels, or catching shrimps; men were fishing, soldiers were lying stretched out on the sands or playing quoits with stones, and it was a happy, jolly scene on St. Malo's playground—which during twelve hours out of the twenty-four was mostly under water.

From the ramparts we could look



JACQUES CARTIER.

down into courtyards that had in the long ago belonged to stately palaces, now turned into warehouses, offices and barracks; we could get vistas of the narrow corkscrew streets and queer old-world houses, we could get glimpses of dim interiors in the homes of both great and lowly. We stood and watched the brave defenders of France doing household work in their quarters and gazed down upon them on their dull grounds—for the military are very much *en evidence* in St. Malo, as was to be expected in an important stronghold (which Britain thrice ineffectually attempted to take).

In all our wanderings we had not forgotten Jacques Cartier, but the inhabitants seemed to be in lamentable ignorance of the place of his birth, and as to his burial they knew no more of it than the Encyclopedia. We found the museum which contains the remains of the ship "La Petite Hermine," in which Cartier sailed to discover us, and many other interesting relics, but we did not find the house in which he was born. They show a room facing the sea in the Hotel de France where Chateaubriand was born, and they seem to think him a greater celebrity than our own Jacques. We asked questions, in all the languages we knew, of many good-natured but very puzzled people, and were disappointed to find Cartier an unknown name to them, until we met a man who understood English a little and who could speak it a little less. He destroyed a cherished illusion by telling us Cartier was not born in St. Malo at all but at Paramè, a fashionable watering place that could be reached by steam tram. Sadly we turned away, but having come purely on Jacques' account we were ashamed to go without discovering him or his remains, and so made our way out under the frowning gates of the castle, which led us into a beautifully laid-out park, only a few acres in extent but with walks shaded by flowering shrubs trees, fountains, seats,

turf and masses of blooming plants.

We had been interested for some time in watchingsquad after squad of soldiers with a bugler at their head marching from all quarters but in the same direction, toward the castle gate. They looked rather untidy, not carefully dressed, and all had bundles under their arm and as they marched merrily past we speculated as to why they were being marched outside the walls, and tried to keep count of how many companies we saw. We decided we must have seen fifty and we could still hear behind us the sound of the bugle call and the tramp of many feet.

Across the park we saw the tramway with a little stubby engine, one car (which was empty) divided into two parts, first and second-class, and another a third-class car into which a motley crowd was climbing. We asked questions of everybody who caught our eye only to be answered in fluent but unintelligible French, but seeing a placard that seemed to indicate that the train went to Paramè we chanced it. We took our seats among the picturesque Breton fishwives and market-women with their curious caps, turned up blue petticoats and wooden shoes, priests in rusty robes, peasant boys with full baskets and empty faces—all conditions of interesting folk. The guard was greatly concerned about us for we could not make him understand where we wanted to go, and when he politely asked for our fare he seemed to be demanding such an incredibly large sum that I gave him my purse, full of small French coins, and selecting a half franc piece he kept it and returned so many copper pieces I thought he must be making me a donation. However, the amount he took only paid to the first stopping place, and at each section of the road we had to pay again—about two cents each time.

We went steaming along at a rate that would have shamed a mule but it was fast enough for us, for everything seemed interesting. Leaving

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the station, looking seaward across the causeway there was a high sea wall but from the car window we could look over the wall to a wide stretch of sandy beach with the sea and the rocks beyond. Suddenly I saw a strange sight and knew not what it was. The sea seemed alive, its surface all broken up and rugged with rolling, tumbling, floating, heaving bodies. I called my companion and we both looked and then we laughed, and we had still more cause for mirth when we heard a bugle sound, then a chorus of bugles, and out from the surf came by fifties and by hundreds the French army—without their uniforms! Prancing up and down were mounted officers and at intervals carbined guards and buglers on foot giving a warning toot to hasten stragglers who had swam a long way out or were delaying their return to duck a comrade. On the sands in orderly heaps forming parallel lines were the soldiers' clothing, and each company took their proper place and each man stood beside his garments while he plied the towel and exchanged his bathing trunks for his regimentals. Thus it was by chance we found out why the squads were being marched outside the walls of St. Malo, and laugh when we recall the droll transformation scene we witnessed when the rolling tumbling white creatures, like sea-monsters disporting themselves, reared their black heads from the waves at the sound of the bugle and walked shoreward—fully a thousand of them.

We found Paramé but learned nothing of Jacques Cartier there and very little addition to our knowledge of him did we find anywhere, but we were delighted with all we saw and would willingly explore the section over again even though we succeeded no better in our search.

In truth the information we obtained about our brave voyageur was meagre, vague and not altogether authentic. Amongst the few facts established was that St. Malo was indeed his birthplace and the very last day of 1494, the date of his birth. His first voyage to our shores was in 1534 but there is a doubt as to which was his last journey hither—it being asserted that he made a fourth voyage, return-



A STREET IN ST. MALO, AND THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

ing to the assistance of Roberval in the fall of 1543, but the evidence of this is not very clear. The balance of his days he spent in his natal town or in the village of Limoilon, of which he was created Seigneur by his patron, Francis I. He was alive in 1552 but the exact date of his death and his place of sepulture are unknown.

TOM'S LETTER HOME.

I WROTE a letter home to-day—had little news to tell,
Just asked the old folks how they were, and told them I
was well.

When I had sealed the letter up and put the post-stamp on,
It struck me that I hadn't said a word to brother John.

I opened up that envelope, and why, I can't just tell,
My throat got aching as I wrote: Dear boy I hope your
well,
And having good luck on the farm—you patient plodding
John—

How are the horses and the cows and crops now coming on?

Suppose you have to work hard now, since my big help is gone,
And can you manage better when you're running things
alone?

Isn't dad getting most too old to plough, and pitch, and sow?
And does he still swear he's forgot more than we'll ever know?

I'm awful glad you aren't built like me—; now you can take
The fault-finding of poor old dad, and bear it for his sake;
Your temper isn't much like mine, you're steady, slow, and
true;

There must be comfort in the thought, that mother's proud of
you.

Say, does the little mother speak of me sometimes, and cry,
When she sees Dick, or some of my chums go passing by?
And maybe she forgets sometime that I'm so far from home,
And leaves the old lamp burning clear, waiting for me to come.

I'm homesick as can be to-night, John, will you tell her—low,
That I am not the headstrong boy I was a while ago?
Then there's our little Nellie's grave, be sure you keep it neat,
The flowers ought to grow their best above a child so sweet.

Be good to dad and don't you let dear mother fret or sigh
I'll rush in on you all some day—

God bless you John—good-bye.

ARCHIE McKISHNIE.



By Constance Rudyard Boulton.

CHAPTER III.

LA BELLA NAPOLI.

PATIENCE on a monument smiling at grief, was no doubt a very prettily behaved young person but she never appealed to my sympathies any more than the amiable woman; those worthy qualities, however, would have stood us in good stead, while waiting the permission of the powers that be, to land at Naples one warm summer day in midwinter.

Eventually we did land, and were plunged headlong into a mad hub-bub of unintelligible Italian (none too soft), amidst the chaos of the customs house. I, though with no claims to amiability, being a frivolous person forgot to lose my temper in the greater amusement of watching the confused throng of cheating Italians, and wild American and Canadian men and women let loose amongst them. I may add, that having a friend at court may in part account for my calm demeanour. Nevertheless, in spite of the aforesaid friend, we were kept hour after hour knocking our heels about in the dust of this small pandemonium, not half large enough for its requirements, till amusements palled

and our tempers showed danger signs. We cast scheming eyes upon our bicycles, longed to snatch them from their cases and speed away from under the noses of the officials, hurling defiance as we flew. At last, pale and bedraggled, we were told we could not get them till the next day, the why of which I was not informed.

Our luggage was passed and we stepped out into the air under the fond impression we were free. We proceeded a hundred yards, accompanied by a body guard of dirty, ragged, howling men, when at the gate of the *dogano* we were stopped by a perky little man in grey-blue, who after much agitation of face, and voice, and arms, packed us back to the customs house. I was completely mystified but afterwards discovered we had to run the gauntlet of two sets of customs—the government and city officials respectively, who had little contests over our prostrate bodies, so to speak, as to whether our luggage should be passed or not. Finally we were allowed to go in peace and the next day returned to tackle the knotty question of our wheels.

More talk, principally of hands and arms, ensued (the Italians do more talking in a given time on any given subject than any other nation on the face of the earth). The Italian fact gradually sifted through our Canadian brains, that if we had taken the bicycles out the previous day we would have had to pay only forty-two francs deposit money each; in the

twenty-four hours a new law had come in force, obliging us to pay as much again on each machine.

The situation was strained. Peg and I looked at each other expressively, then slowly counted out our money. At this moment, a tall American, a fellow passenger of ours appeared on the scene looking rather wild about the eyes, (he had a bicycle). "I wouldn't give the Bowery for the whole of Italy; I want to get out and they won't let me—I want to ship that blamed wheel right back to New York and they won't let me—of all the confounded"—My eye-brows jumped—he stopped, turned on his heel, and we saw him no more.

Upon receipt of the money, with much ceremony and many officials, a lead tag was tied to the bar of each bicycle with a piece of coarse string. We were then warned that if this valuable piece of metal escaped the clutches of the small boys and other means of destruction, and was intact when we crossed the border, and we could produce papers proving that we had paid the money, the whole would be returned, otherwise it would be forfeited. We were deeply impressed and left the customs sadder but wiser women.

Our hearts grew lighter as we settled for a spring into the saddle, but a detaining hand was laid upon us and we were further informed that the wheels must be sent to the City Hall to be kept for a day, and then on proving that we were foreigners travelling through, we would be given permission to use them for a certain time without paying the tax. This seemed the last straw, and if the American had been there then, we would have allowed him to use what language he pleased—and felt better.

Our first ride along the Santa Lucia by the sea front to the Riviera Chiaja and on towards Posilipo, was like strong wine after the wearisome nagging we had experienced. The sea lay shimmering beside us, only separated by a sea-

wall and a narrow strip of beach. Idle fishermen, with the Neapolitan costume of picturesque dirt covering them, lay face downwards on the narrow sands, or with still more palpable idleness slowly pulled at the long ropes attached to the fishing nets out at sea.

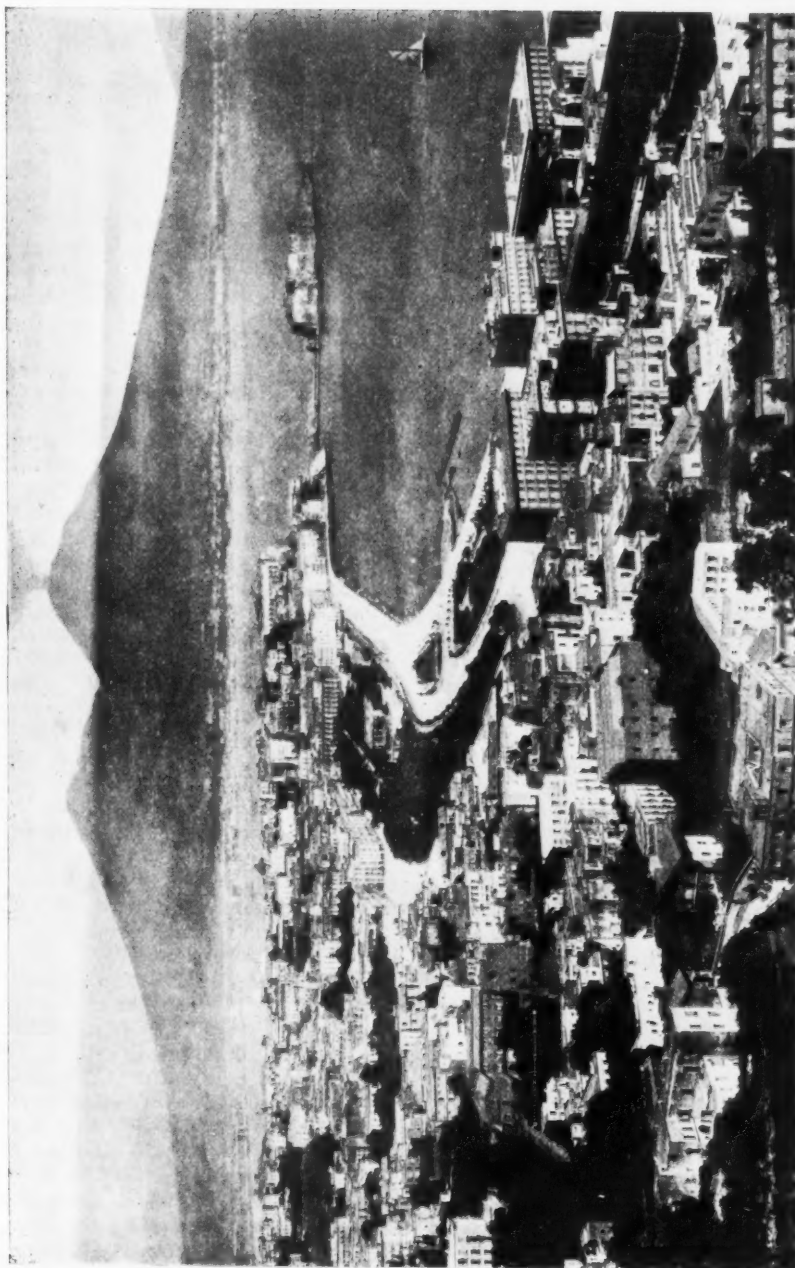
Fishing boats lolloped softly on the swell, breaking up the flooding light with faint shadows; far to the left the labouring mountain, just now sleeping its treacherous sleep, lay undulating and soft in the sunlight, only a white crown of mist suggesting the slumbering strength. Around its base, stretching away from Naples without a break, clustered foolish, trusting villages seeming so white and clean by reason of their distance. Beyond, Castellammare, Mount Angelo and Torrento followed the curving line of the beautiful bay, and farther still, faint yet distinct, rose the graceful shores of Capri. Close about us gathered the densely populated city rising up from the sea in the amphitheatre form so often described. It was a lovely dreamy picture to gaze upon, drawing about a restless weary spirit a longing to be very still.

To our no little astonishment, a very short ride was sufficient to show us we were objects of remarkable curiosity to all grades of people; at first it was amusing, but at times became almost embarrassing. "La bella Segnorina," "Bravo Segnorina," followed us everywhere. On the first occasion of this pleasing approval on the part of a discriminating populace, I called Peg's attention to the fact that they had called me "La bella Signorina."

"Excuse me," retorted she tartly, "they referred to me."

We argued the question with great vivacity as we walked along energetically, coming to no conclusion however, and our observations on life that day amounted to—nothing. I fear Peg is conceited.

La bella Napoli! Beautiful with a beauty that grows with the days and



NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

twenty-four hours a new law had come in force, obliging us to pay as much again on each machine.

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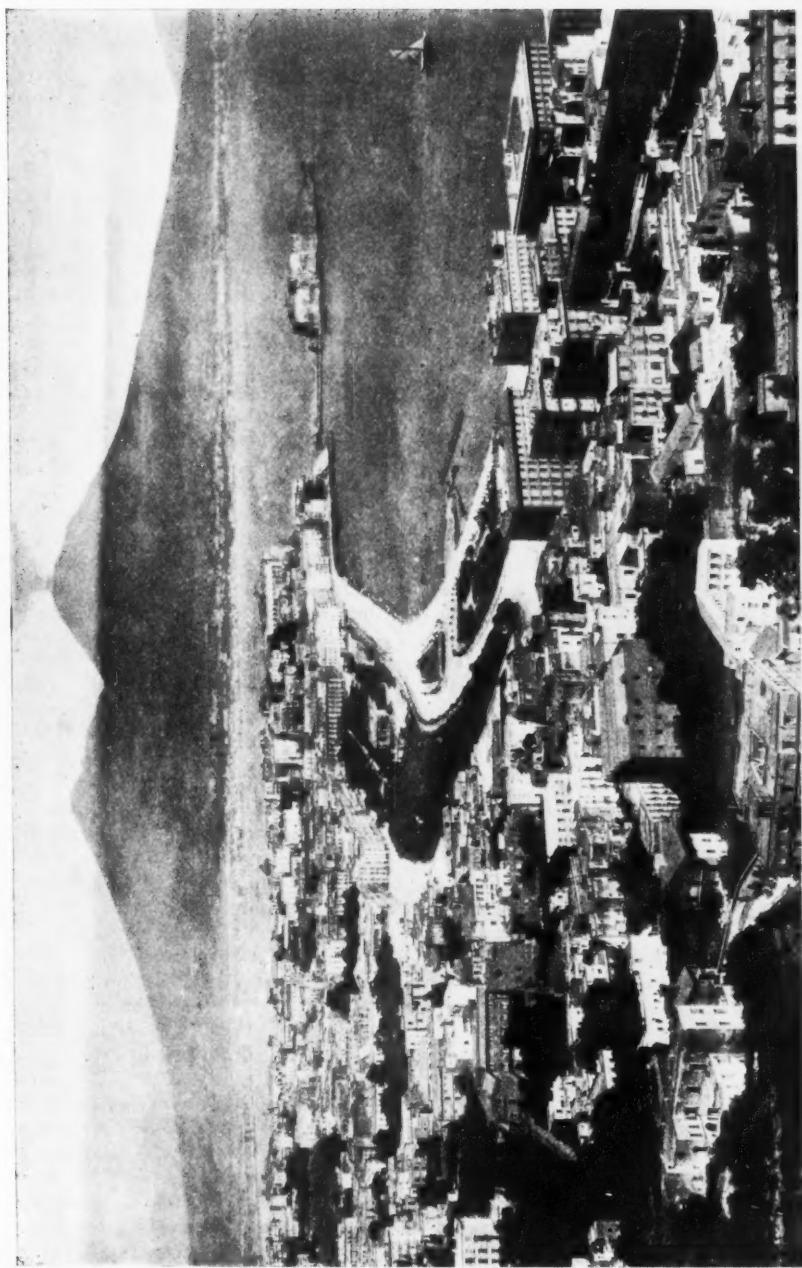
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NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

weeks, as the fascinations of its many-sided nature take hold of one, like the moods of a beautiful wayward woman, each one more winsome than the last, in turn giving place to a new beauty unsuspected, till we are enslaved hopelessly, and we smile with its smiles and weep with its tears, singing and sighing again and again, *La bella Napoli!*

Amidst the tangle of one's thoughts and impressions, it is difficult to present even a slight picture of the pulsing heart and life of that fascinating city—yet I have a secret hope that the reader's keen imagination will help me out, and between the lines find lights and shades I never dreamed of painting.

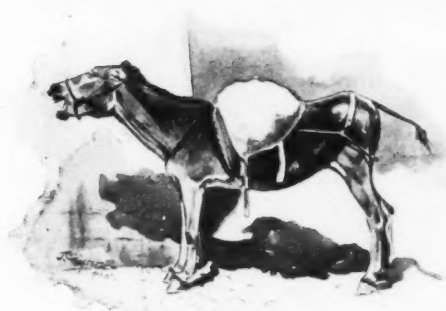
With a helpless sense of the hopelessness of it all, one wanders through the babel of the teeming streets. Charm and repulsion are so closely intermingled that it is impossible to separate one from the other, and the knowledge that no finite mind can grasp the problem of life there, leaves a load of depression on one's spirit.

Fashion, gorgeous and complacent, if not in the best taste, jostles the hungry and naked and diseased as it whirls past in splendid carriages, drawn by proudly prancing horses with skins like finest satin. Cheek by jowl, with its ruffled mat of thick, mouse-colored fur, comes the meekly impertinent, sturdily patient little donkey, trot, trot, trotting amongst them with apparently all the worldly goods of his master piled behind. Of a sudden the meek animal lifteth up his voice, and after much squeezing and spluttering, a leonine roar comes forth and echoes far and wide, then dies away in a choking sneeze, while one stands petrified, momentarily expecting the melancholy demise of the little beast, by reason of its own vehemence. The cabmen crack their whips; the pedlars yell their wares and importune the helpless foreigners to buy their trinkets of coral, imitation tortoise shell, etc., turned so daintily as oftentimes to ensnare the

unwary; the flower men dodge through the reckless crowd with a blaze of exquisite color borne aloft on their heads. Wretched, broken winded starved brutes, with the skin rubbed to open sores by the cruel, ill-fitting harness, kicked and beaten by their brutal masters, are passed by beautiful little cobs, with chunky bodies and slender legs going like the wind, spreading terror and confusion amongst the hapless pedestrians, there being no pavement, or only an apology for one, at long intervals.

Down on the Santa Lucia, the home of the Lazzaroni (though the original class which bore that name are extinct), we felt loudly-expressed curiosity. The street swarmed with family life, pursued entirely on the public way in the glare of the hot sun; chairs and tables scattered about; the women chattering, sewing, knitting, combing each other's hair; the washing and all domestic matters duly attended to with a frankness truly admirable, and the children gamboling, like puppies, at their feet.

The men circulated about, with small, portable stalls, vending their goods, and generally a little coke stove cooking castagna (chestnuts), fish, and various savoury eatables, ladled out by tempting looking hands,—a crowd of rascally, good-natured, grasping, patient, unambitious, hopelessly dirty humanity. We pity them—and yet there are sorrows which can never reach them, a world of hidden pain that sometimes wraps the heart about with a desolation so complete as to be beyond the reach of God or man, yet still with a proud pretence lying upon the lips, the bravery of which is surely noted by the recording angel. The careless, thoughtless, happy Lazzaroni know nothing of these things, but have something akin to the nature of the dancing, laughing, drinking fawn depicted so often by the masters of their arts. Blessed are they that feebleth not, for they shall not suffer.



"The meek animal lifteth up his voice."

One Sunday we made up our minds to go to the museum, which was an ungodly proceeding; but being in the interest of art, and in the interest of our purses, our consciences did not trouble us especially. Having consulted the map with regard to our bearings, we decided to ride, though most of the way was up a long gradual hill. A little after ten o'clock we started up the winding Corso, part of the time quite believing we were going to die; the rest of the way, it being down hill, concluding we should probably live. It is wonderful how big a little hill is when one is on a bicycle.

The people stared somewhat, but by this time we were accustomed to being public characters, and being not unduly afflicted with shyness, kept steadily on our way, though I managed to upset a carriage *en route*. Without serious mishap we reached the museum, and spent two delightful hours. I went because I have a strong sense of duty, and though possessing no innate love of museums, I have my own mental welfare

and that of others strongly at heart. I stayed, because no museum ever attracted me so much before.

Everybody, except myself, knows all about it of course, so I refrain from writing *a la* guide book. The wonderful fresco work from Pompeii and Herculaneum, full of rich, soft coloring and ease of treatment, the exquisite little figures with delicate lightness, representing sporting genii, bacchantes and sa-

tyrs, were a particular delight to me. The rich dark bronzes full of energy and life, and the silent, yet speaking purity of the beautiful statues, many of which had lain buried in the ruins wrought by Vesuvius during nearly two thousand years, filled one with reverence as one looked upon their noble faces and grand bearing.

But, alack and alas! I must be honest, and my unfortunate appreciation of low life and low comedy was fully satisfied by the Drunken Faun, a magnificent bronze; the expression of imbecile delight on his face, and the helpless abandon of the whole figure being simply delicious.



"Gabble, gabble went the crowd."

At one o'clock we prepared to leave the museum, with our minds attuned to a proper pitch by the lofty matters we had been considering. With becoming gravity we asked the porter for our bicycles and trundled them out.

In a moment, while tying books and wraps to the handles, I became conscious of a surging mass of people about us. I looked up and found we were surrounded by a crowd of men and boys; we both bravely tried to keep our heads as well as circumstances would allow, but it looked doubtful if we would ever again find the balance of our wheels. It was impossible to mount and almost impossible to move, but we managed to make our way slowly along the terrace to the street.

We turned one way, the crowd turned also. We made for a shop, the crowd made for it too. We got more desperately hot and more uncomfortable every moment. Gabble, gabble

went the crowd, "*La Signorina, la bella Signorina, monta, monta,*" they cried. Then Peg and I got separated. I began to laugh nervously, the crowd laughed too. Suddenly Peg's head appeared above the heads of the people, I followed her example and mounted somehow, while a dozen hands held the handles; determinedly forcing the crowd apart, without thought of life or limb, I rode wildly down the street, past wagons and carts by a hair's breadth, setting a man dancing a jig till he didn't know which was back or front, and escaped taking his life or my own by a miracle.

On we went, full tilt, down hill through the erratic whirl of a Neapolitan Sunday crowd. Peg called out:

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know; anywhere to get out of this," I replied breathlessly, and on we tore.

Presently, thinking we were safe, we dismounted to tie our things on properly, and enquire our way. In an



NAPLES—THE SANTA LUCIA.

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instant we were surrounded; they seemed to spring out of the earth. However, our admirers being mostly small boys, and having grown accustomed to the unique situation, we quietly arranged our belongings with the help of the company in general, and once more started off with remnants of our appreciative audience scattering along after us as long as their strength would permit.

When we announced to a small circle our intention of riding to Baiae, accompanied by a carriage with three friends, a young Italian, pleasing and good-natured, suggested insinuatingly that he should come too, affirming that he could manage a wheel. We were nothing loth, since we still found the Italians slow to comprehend their

B

own language, and closed with him on the spot.

We conveyed ourselves and bicycles in the *finicular* up to the highest available point behind Naples, and wended our way down the gentle winding slope of the mountain.

I noticed our friend was somewhat stiff about the neck and arms, and was not as much up-lifted by the beauties of nature as one might have expected, but I concluded that familiarity breeds contempt and felt sorry for him. His extreme unsociability, however, roused my ire; when I offered some platitudes in good English, he replied in monosyllables that were not encouraging, neither looking to the right or left. Then I tried some shots at my new found Italian, whereupon his wheel wiggled violently and he managed to gasp, "Don't do that again, or I'll come off." I felt hurt, but realized that the laws of balance were still a mystery to him, and presently discovered that "coming off" was a matter of serious moment.

By degrees our cavalier got farther and farther in front, apparently without the slightest desire for our company. Peg and I thought it strange, but did not weep over the circum-



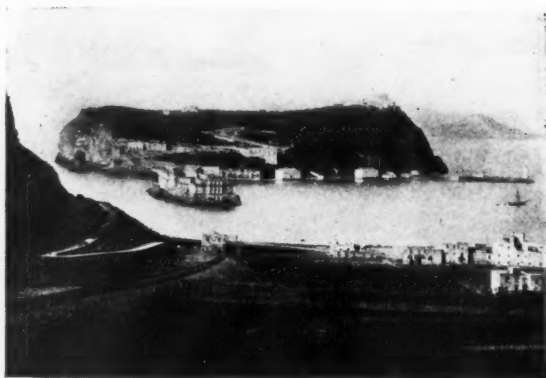
"While tying books and wraps."

stance, and swept serenely on our way, finally making up our minds that our friend had upset himself into the aqueduct of an amphitheatre.

A little later, coming round a bend in the road, we descried in the distance a melancholy form which we identified by the attendant wheel. On coming up with him, we were inclined to a haughty mien, but the apologetic expression of his figure appeased our wrath, while in a shame-faced manner, with a slight blushing his swarthy skin, he asked us to hold the bicycle while he got on, explaining that once he got going he couldn't stop or turn until the bicycle landed him in the ditch—and then he couldn't start again. A shout of derisive laughter and sharp sallies from some jolly old Italians, basking in the sun by the roadside, added to his confusion and our merriment, and the usual "Bravo, la bella Signorina," followed us as we hopped on our wheels in hot pursuit.



"Some jolly old Italians."



THE ISLAND OF NISIDA.

We sped on without the slightest effort, always ascending. Stretches of plain spread away to our right, laid barren and desolate by frequent volcanic eruptions, where, under the Roman Empire, had been smiling valleys studded with the villas of the rich and great, who vied with each other to obtain a few feet of ground on this once favored spot to spread abroad the hand of wealth and luxury.

On the left the mountains rose higher and higher, as we glided swiftly, silently down the splendid road, as smooth as a billiard table, cut out of the face of the rock; and shortly we were in full view of the beautiful bay of Pozzuoli dimpling in the sunlight, the mountainous land fading into the misty distance of Cape Misenum, with the island of Ochia beyond.

Near at hand, separated by a narrow channel, rose the island of Nisida, with the round walls of a prison perched aloft on the highest point, casting gloomy sha-

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A VIEW OF BAIÆ.

dows, increased by the gloom of tradition as being the refuge where one of the false friends of history found shelter for his dishonored head; and faint on the sighing breeze an exceeding bitter cry seemed wafted up the mountain side—"Et toi Brutus."

Posilipo, Pozzuoli (the Puteoli of the New Testament), and Baiae are crowded with historical interest, till our brains whirl with the effort. Quotations from the prolific pens of Greek, Latin and Italian poets, from the earliest times, are flung at us till we feel as beattered as though we had taken part in a mental carnival of flowers. Virgil, Homer, Silius Italicus, Pliny, Horace, crush us with the thoughts of all we do not know. The holy name of St. Paul throws its sacred charm. The footsteps of Dante and Boccaccio may be traced, and nearer to our own times can be heard the sweet singing of our own Shelley and Byron. A tomb, wherein once lay the ashes of the poet Virgil, is to be seen, with somewhat of an air of disputation hanging about it; Nero, with his dark deeds of cruelty and exhibitions of stu-

pendous strength; Cæsar, Diocletian, Hadrian; the insane Caligula and his bridge of boats; and others, wise and utilitarian, or governed by dark deeds of tyranny and mad unreason, have left legend and history without end. Through all is a delicate woof of delicious romance, woven of the silken threads of old mythology.

Now the land is a barren waste, with nothing to mark its

departed glory but a few ruins escaped from the wrath of internal furies, which have worked desolation far and wide, burying cities under the



"Small touches of nature."

sea, the remains of which can be seen beneath the water; raising up mountains from out sleeping valleys in a single night; crumbling the crests of mighty hills, crushing in their downfall priceless art treasures, and the lore of peoples gigantic in their resources and attainments.

But a bicyclist is not supposed to discourse of such things. One of the wise men of the earth has said somewhere quite lately, that, after a long course of observation, he had come to the conclusion that the brain of the bicyclist has but one movement, and that a rotatory one in sympathy with his wheel; also the said brain is incapable of taking in more than one idea—to wit, "sticking on." I sit at the feet of wisdom and imbibe, but never contradict. No doubt the wise man referred to, found "sticking on" as brainful a problem as he had ever desired to tackle.

We rode through the streets of Baiae, stopping *en route* to investigate the whispering gallery of Mercury. We had lunch in the Temple of Apollo, and bathed our hands in the waters of Avernus, near which is the Grotto della Sibilla, and within the "Entrance to the Infernal Regions," where we saw the veritable river Styx, down which Charon towed his passengers to Hades.

Later on we were advised not to go and see the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, and promptly did, finding it exces-

sively interesting, with its lions' dens and subterranean passages for the influx of the sea when representations of naval battles were to take place. Three small touches of nature brought us to everyday life, in the shape of ragged urchins whose garments were hanging by a thread. They made me nervous, when, in hopes of soldi, they insisted upon turning wonderful somersaults with alarming rapidity in white dust a foot deep, while I, in vigorous Italian, called "*Voi piccolo porco*," a free translation of "You little pig," receiving for reply from a whirlwind of dust in a burst of giggles, "*Manga maccheroni*."

We had a lovely ride back in the cool of the evening along the lower road by the sea, coasting for miles, the bay of Naples being seen at the very flood time of its beauty—sunset; such a glorious glow of rose in a cloudless sky, shading and warming the deep purples of Vesuvius, touching with roseate hue the lingering snows in the chill places of Mount Angelo, while Capri still lay in golden light, clear though distant. And nearer the sweet peacefulness of the villages of Castellammare and Torredell Annunziata, and the larger life of Napoli, rising terrace upon terrace up the mountain side to St. Elmo and Capodimonte, bathed in a glory of dazzling waning light.

(To be continued.)



KATE GARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER IX.

A DAUGHTER OF DEBATE.

THEY met under the arch of the gate, and Carmichael returned with the Carnegies, Kate making much of him and insisting that he should stay to luncheon.

"You are our first visitor, Mr. Carmichael, and the General says that we need not expect more than six, so we mean to be very kind to them. Do you live far from here?"

"Quite near—just two miles west. I happened to be passing; in fact, I'm going down to the next parish, and I . . . I thought I would like to call and . . . and bid you welcome;" for Carmichael had not yet learned the art of conversation, which stands mainly in touching details lightly and avoiding the word I.

"It is very cruel of you to be so honest and dispel our flattering illusions"—Kate marvelled at his mendacity—"we supposed you had come 'anes errand'—I'm picking up Scotch—to call on your new neighbours. Does the high road pass the Lodge?"

"Oh no; the road is eight miles further; but the Drumtochty people take the near way through the woods; it's also much prettier. I hope you will not forbid us, General? Two people a week is all the traffic."

"Forbid them—not I," said Carnegie, laughing. "A man is not born and bred in this parish without learning some sense. It would be a right of way case, and Drumtochty would follow me from court to court, and would never rest till they had gained or we were all ruined."

"Has it ever struck you Mr. Carmichael, that one of the differences between a Highlander and a Scot is that each has got a pet enjoyment? With the one it's a feud, and with the other it's a law suit. A Scot dearly loves a 'ganging plea.'"

"No, no; Tochtly woods will be open so long as Kate and I have anything to say in the matter. The Glen and our people have not had the same politics, but we've lived at peace, as neighbours ought to do, with never a law suit even to give a fillip to life."

"So you see, Mr. Carmichael," said Kate, "you may come and go at all times through our territory; but it would be bare courtesy to call at the Lodge for afternoon tea."

"Or tiffin," suggested the General; "and we can always offer currie, as you see. My daughter has a capital receipt she wiled out of an old Hindu rascal who cooked for our mess."

"You really need not take it on that account," as Carmichael was doing his best in much misery; "it is only meant to keep old Indians in fair humour—and not to be a test of good manners. By the way, Janet has been sounding your praises; how have you won her heart?"

"Oh, very easily—by having some drops of Highland blood in my veins; and so I am forgiven all my faults, and am credited with all sorts of excellences."

"Then the Highlanders are as clanish as ever," cried the General. "Scotland has changed so much in the last half century that the Highlanders might have become quite unsentimental and matter-of-fact."

"Lowland civilization only crossed

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the Highland line after '45, and it will take more than a hundred and thirty years to recast a Celt. Scottish education and theology are only a veneer on him, and below he has all his old instincts.

"So far as I can make out, a Celt will rather fish than plough, and be a game-keeper than a workman; but if he be free to follow his own way, a genuine Highlander would rather be a soldier than anything else under the sun."

"What better could a man be?" and Kate's eyes sparkled; "they must envy the old times when their fathers raided the Lowlands and came home



THE ORIGINAL CELT.

with the booty. It's a pity everybody is so respectable nowadays, don't you think?"

"Certainly the police are very meddlesome," and Carmichael now devoted himself to Kate, without pretence of including the General; "but the spirit is not dead. A Celt is the child of generations of cattle-stealers, and the raiding spirit is still in the blood. May I offer an anecdote?"

"Six, if you have got so many, and they are all about Highlanders," and Kate leant forward and nursed her

knee, for they had gone into the library.

"Last week I was passing the cattle market in Edinburgh, and a big Highland drover stopped me, begging for a little money.

"It iss from Lochaber I hef come with some beasties, and to-morrow I will be walking back all the way, and it iss this night I hef no bed. I was considering that the gardens would be a good place for night, but they are telling me that the police will be disturbing me."

"He looked so simple and honest that I gave him half-a-crown and said that I was half a Highlander. I have three Gaelic sentences, and I reeled them off with my best accent.

"God forgive me," he said, "for thinking you to be a Sassenach body, and taking your money from you. You are a fery well-made man, and here iss your silver piece and may you always hef one in your pocket."

"But what about your bed?"

"Tuts, tuts, that will be all right, for I hef maybe got some six or five notes of my own that were profit on the beasties; but it iss a pity not to be taking anything that iss handy when a body happens to be in the south."

"Capital." Kate laughed merrily, and her too rare laugh I used to think the gayest I ever heard. "It was the only opportunity left him of following his fathers. What a fine business it must have been, starting from Braemar one afternoon, a dozen men well armed, and getting down to Strathmore in the morning; then lying hid in some wood all day, and collecting a herd of fat cattle in the evening, and driving them up Glen Shee, not knowing when there might be a fight."

"Hard lines on the Scottish farmers, Kit, who might be very decent fellows, to lose their cattle or get a cut from a broadsword."

"Oh, they had plenty left; and seriously, dad, without joking, you know, what better could a Presbyterian Lowlander do than raise good beef for

Highland gentleman? Mr. Carmichael, I beg pardon; you seem so good a Celt that I forgot you were not of our faith."

"We are not Catholics," the General explained, gravely, "although many of our blood have been, and my daughter was educated in a convent. We belong to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and will go into Muirtown at a time, but mostly we shall attend the kirk of my old friend Dr. Davidson. Every man is entitled to his faith, and Miss Carnegie rather . . ."

"Forgot herself." Kate came to her father's relief. "She often does: but one thing Miss Carnegie remembers, and that is that General Carnegie likes his cheroot after dinner. Do you smoke, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, I am allowed to stay, if you don't object, and have forgiven my rudeness."

"You make too much of a word, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael was not a man to take offence till his pride was roused. "Very likely my drover was a true blue Presbyterian, and his minister as genuine a cateran as himself."

"Years ago I made the acquaintance of an old Highland minister called MacTavish, and he sometimes stays with me on his way north in the spring. For thirty years he has started at the first sign of snow, and spent winter spoiling the good people of the south. Some years he has gone home with three hundred pounds."

"But how does he get the money?" enquired the General, "and what does he use it for?"

"He told me the history of his campaigns when he passed in March, and it might interest you; it's our modern raid, and although it's not so picturesque as a foray of the Macphersons, yet it has points, and shows the old spirit lives."

"She wass a good woman, Janet Cameron, oh, yes, Mr. John, a fery exercised woman, and when she wass dying she will be saying beautiful



"Here iss your silver piece."

things, and one day she will be speaking of a little field she had beside the church."

"What do you think I should be doing with that piece of ground," she will be saying, "for the end iss not far off, and it iss not earth I can be taking with me, oh no, nor cows."

"No Janet," I said, "but it iss a nice field, and lies to the south. It might be doing good after you are gone, if it wass not wasted on your mother's cousins twice removed in Inverness, who will be drinking every drop of it, and maybe going to the Moderate Kirk."

"It was not for two months or maybe six weeks she died, and I will be visiting her every second day. Her experiences were fery good, and I hef told them at sacraments in the north. The people in the south are free with their money, but it iss not the best of my stories that I can give them; they are too rich for their stomachs.

"Janet will often be saying to me, 'Mister Dugald, it iss a thankful woman that I ought to be, for though I lost my man in the big storm and two sons in the war, I hef had mercies, oh, yes. There wass the Almighty and my cow, and between them I hef not wanted, oh no.'

"'Janet, you will be forgetting your field that iss lying next the manse, and the people will be thinking that it iss a glebe; but I am telling them that it iss Janet Cameron's, who iss a fery experienced woman, and hass nefer seen the inside of a Moderate Kirk since the Disruption.'

"'Maybe you will be astonished, Mister John, but when Janet's will will be read that piece of ground wass left to the Free Kirk, which wass fery kind and mindful of Janet, and I made a sermon about her from the text of the 'elect lady.'

"It wass a good field, but it needed a dyke and some drains, and it wass not our people that had the money. So I made another sermon on the text, 'The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it,' and went down to the south. It wass not a dyke and some drains, but enough to build a byre and a stable I came back with. That wass in '55, and before '60 there will be a new manse with twelve rooms that iss good for letting to the English people. But it wass ten years the church needed, and a year for the porch to keep it warm, for I am not liking stoves, and will not have one in Crianshalloch.

"It iss wonderful how much money the bodies hef in Glasgow, and it iss good for them to be hearing sound

doctrine at a time. There will be no Arminianism when I am preaching, and no joking, but maybe there will be some parables, oh yes, about the sheep coming in at the manse door for want of a fence, and the snow lying in the pulpit.'

"There is a cateran for you, and, mind you, a good fellow, too. It's not greed sends him out, but sheer love of spoil. Would you like to see MacTavish next time he passes up with the cattle?" for Carmichael was emboldened by the reception of his sketch.

"Nothing we should like better, for the General and I want to know all about Scotland; but don't you think that those ministers have injured the Highlanders? Janet, you know, has such gloomy ideas about religion."

"There is no doubt, Miss Carnegie, that a load of Saxon theology has been landed on the Celt, and it has disfigured his religion. Sometimes I have felt that the Catholic of the west is a truer type of northern faith than the Presbyterian of Ross-shire."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carnegie, "for we had one or two west Catholics in the old regiment, and their superstitions were lovely. You remember, dad, the MacIvers."

"That wass all well enough, Kit, but none of them could get the length of corporal; they were fearfully ignorant, and were reported at intervals for not keeping their accoutrements clean."

"That only showed how religious they were, didn't it, Mr. Carmichael? Hadn't the early Christians a rooted objection to the bath? I remember our Padre saying that in a lecture."

"There are a good many modern Christians of the same mind, Miss Carnegie, and I don't think our poor Highlanders are worse than Lowlanders; but Catholic or Protestant, they are all subject to the gloom. I cannot give the Gaelic word.

"What is that? Oh, a southerner would call it depression, and assign it to the liver, for he traces all trouble to that source. But there is no word for

this mood in English, because it is not an English experience. My mother fell under it at times, and I saw the effect."

"Tell us, please, if all this description does not weary you?" and Kate shone on Carmichael, who would have talked on the Council of Nice or the rotation of crops to prolong his privileges.

"It comes on quite suddenly, and is quite a spiritual matter—a cloud which descends and envelops the soul. While it lasts a Highlander will not laugh nor sing; he will hardly speak, and he loses all hope about everything. One of our men has the gloom at a time, and then he believes that he is . . . damned. I am speaking theologically."

"The regiment must have been fond of theology, dad. Yes, we understand."

"Once he went out to the hill, and lay all night wrestling and agonising to be sure whether there was a God. You know he's just a small farmer, and it seems to me splendid that such a man should give himself to the big problems of the universe. Do you know," and Carmichael turned to the General, who was smoking in great peace, "I believe that is the reason the Highlanders are such good fighting men. They fear God, and they don't fear any other person."

"I'll vouch for one thing," said the veteran with emphasis; "our men put off the gloom, or whatever you call it, when they smelt powder; I never saw a panic in a Highland regiment in more than forty years' soldiering."

"What's the reason of the gloom? I believe that I have a touch of it myself at times—don't stare at me, dad, it's rude—just a thin mist, you know, but distinctly not indigestion. Is it a matter of race?"

"Of course, but that's no explanation." Carmichael had fallen into his debating society style. "I mean one has to go farther back; all our habits are shaped by environment."

"One moment, please. I have always wanted to ask some clever per-

son what environment meant. I asked Colonel MacLeod once, dad, and he said it was out of the new book on tactics, and he was thankful he had retired. Now Mr. Carmichael will make it plain," and Kate was very demure.

"It is rather stupid to use the word so much as people do now," and Carmichael glanced dubiously at Kate; "scientific men use it for circumstances."

"Is that all? Then do pray say environment. Such a word introduces one into good society, and gives one the feeling of being well dressed; now about a Highlander's environment, is it his kilt you are thinking of, or his house, or what?"

"His country"—and Carmichael's tone had a slight note of resentment, as of one ruffled by this frivolity—"with its sea lochs, and glens, and mists. Any one who has been bred and reared at the foot of one of our mountains will have a different nature and religion from one living in Kent or Italy. He has a sense of reverence, and surely that is a good thing."

"Nothing more needed nowadays," the General broke in with much spirit; "it seems to me that people nowadays respect nobody, neither the Queen nor Almighty God. As for that man Brimstone, he will never cease till he has ruined the Empire. You needn't look at me, Kate, for Mr. Carmichael must know this as well as any other sensible man."

"Why, sir," and now the General was on his feet, "I was told on good authority at the club last week by a newspaper man—a monstrously clever man—that Mr. Brimstone, when he is going down to the House of Commons to disestablish the Church, or the army, or something, will call in at a shop and order two hundred silk hats to be sent to his house. What do you call that sir?"

"I should call it a deliberate——"

"*Jeu d'esprit*. Of course it is, dad," and Kate threw an appealing glance to Carmichael, who had sprung to his



"I should call it a deliberate——"

feet and was standing stiffly behind his chair, for he was a fierce Radical.

"Perhaps it was, lassie—those war correspondents used to be sad rascals—and, at any rate, politics are bad taste. Another cheroot, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, nonsense; you must tell my daughter more about your Highlanders. They are a loyal set, at any rate, and we all admire that."

"Yes, they are," and Carmichael unbent again, "and will stick by their side whether it be right or wrong. They're something like a woman in their disposition."

"Indeed," said Kate, who did not think Carmichael had responded very courteously to her lead, "that is very interesting. They are, you mean, full of prejudices and notions."

"If a Highlander takes you into his friendship, you may say or do what you like, he will stand by you, and although his views are as different from yours as black from white, will swear he agrees with every one. If he's not your friend, he can see no good in anything you do, although you be on his own side."

"In fact, he has very little judgment and no sense of justice; and I think you said," Kate went on sweetly, "his nature reminded you of a woman's?"

"You're sure that you like cheroots?" for the General did not wish this lad, Radical though he was, sacrificed on his first visit; "some men are afraid of the opium in them."

"Please do not interrupt Mr. Carmichael when he is making a capital comparison," and Kate held him to the point.

"What I intend is really a compliment," went on Carmichael, "and shows the superior fineness and sensitiveness of a woman's mind."

Kate indicated that she was sure that was his meaning, but waited for details.

"You see," with the spirit of one still fresh to the pulpit, "a man is slower, and goes by evidence; a woman is quicker, and goes by her instincts."

"Like the lower animals," suggested Kate sweetly, "by scent, perhaps. Well?"

"You are twisting my words, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael did not like

being bantered by this self-possessed young woman. "Let me put it this way. Would a jury of women be as impartial as a jury of men? Why, a bad-looking man would have no chance, for they would condemn him at once, not for what he did, but for what they imagined he was."

"Which would save a lot of time and rid society of some precious scoundrels," with vivid recollections of her own efforts in this direction. "Then you grant that women have some intelligence, although no sense of justice, which is a want?"

"Far brighter than men," said Carmichael, eagerly; "just consider the difference between a man's and a woman's speech. A man arranges and argues from beginning to end, and is the slave of connection. He will labour every idea to exhaustion before he allows it to escape, and then will give a solemn cough by way of punctuating with a full stop, before he goes on to his next point. Of course the audience look at their watches and make for the door."

"What would a woman do?" Kate enquired with much interest.

"A lady was speaking lately at Muirtown for an orphanage at Ballyskiddle, and described how Patsy was rescued from starvation, and greatly affected us. 'Patsy will never want bread again,' she concluded, and two Bailies wept aloud.

"Then she went on, and it seemed to me a stroke of genius, 'Speaking about Patsy, has any lady present a black dress suitable for a widow woman?' Before we knew that we had left Patsy, the people were in a widow's home, and the Bailies were again overcome. I mention them because it is supposed that a Bailie is the most important human being in Scotland, and he feels it his duty not to yield to emotion.

"No, a woman speaker never sacrifices her capital; she carries it with her from England to France in her speech, and recognizes no channel pas-

sage. In fact," and Carmichael plunged into new imagery, "a man's progress is after the manner of a mole, while a woman flits from branch to branch like a——"

"Squirrel—I know," came in Kate, getting tired.

"Bird," I meant. Why do you say squirrel?" and Carmichael looked suspiciously at Kate.

"Because it's such a careless, senseless, irresponsible little beast. Have you met many women, Mr. Carmichael? Really they are not all fools, as you have been trying to suggest for the last ten minutes."

"Highlanders are a safer subject of conversation than women," said the General, good-naturedly, as he bade Carmichael good-bye. "And you must tell us more about them next time you call, which I hope will be soon."

Carmichael halted twice on his way through the woods; once he stamped his foot and looked like a man whose pride had been ruffled; the other time he smiled to himself as one who was thinking of a future pleasure.

It was dusk as he crossed Lymedoch Bridge, and he looked down upon the pool below where the trout were leaping. Half an hour passed, and then he started off at high speed for Kilbogie Manse. "Please God if I am worthy," he was saying to himself; "but I fear she is too high above me every way."

CHAPTER X.

A SUPRA-LAPSARIAN.

JEREMIAH SAUNDERSON had remained in the low estate of a "probationer" for twelve years after he left the Divinity Hall, where he was reported so great a scholar that the Professor of Apologetics spoke to him deprecatingly, and the Professor of Dogmatics openly consulted him on obscure writers. He had wooed twenty-three congregations in vain, from churches in the black country

where the colliers rose in squares of twenty and went out without ceremony, to suburban places of worship where the beadle, after due consideration of the sermon, would take up the afternoon notices and ask that they be read at once for purposes of utility, which that unflinching functionary stated to the minister with accuracy and much faithfulness. Vacant congregations desiring a list



JEREMIAH SAUNDERSON.

of candidates made one exception, and prayed that Jeremiah should not be let loose upon them, till at last it came home to the unfortunate scholar himself that he was an offence and byword. He began to dread the ordeal of giving his name, and, as is still told, declared to a household, living in the fat wheat lands and without any imagination, that he was called Magor Missabib. When a stranger makes a

statement of this kind with a sad seriousness, no one judges it expedient to offer any remark, but it was skillfully arranged that Missabib's door should be locked from the outside, and one member of the household sat up all night. The sermon next day did not tend to confidence—having seven quotations in unknown tongues—and the attitude of the congregation was one of alert vigilance; but no one gave any outward sign of uneasiness, and six able-bodied men collected in a pew below the pulpit knew their duty in an emergency.

Saunderson's election to the Free Church of Kilbogie was therefore an event in the ecclesiastical world, and a consistent tradition in the parish explained its inwardness on certain grounds, complimentary both to the judgment of Kilbogie and the gifts of Mr. Saunderson. On Saturday evening he was removed from the train by the merest accident, and left the railway station in such a maze of meditation that he ignored the road to Kilbogie altogether, although its sign post was staring him in the face, and continued his way to Drumtochty. It was half-past nine when Jamie Soutar met him on the high road through our Glen, still travelling steadily west, and being arrested by his appearance, beguiled him into conversation, till he elicited that Saunderson was minded to reach Kilbogie. For an hour did the wanderer rest in Jamie's kitchen, during which he put Jamie's ecclesiastical history into a state of thorough repair—making seven distinct parallels between the errors that had afflicted the Scottish Church and the early heretical sects—and then Jamie gave him in charge of a ploughman who was courting in Kilbogie and was not averse to a journey that seemed to illustrate the double meaning of charity. Jeremiah was handed over to his anxious hosts as a quarter to one in the morning, covered with mud, somewhat fatigued, but in great peace of soul, having settled the place of elec-

tion in the prophecy of Habakkuk as he came down with his silent companion through Tochtly woods.

Nor was that all he had done. When they came out from the shadow and struck into the parish of Kilbogie—whose fields, now yellow into harvest, shone in the moonlight—his guide broke silence and enlarged on a plague of field-mice which had quite suddenly appeared and had sadly devastated the grain of Kilbogie. Saunderson awoke from study and became exceedingly curious, first of all demanding a particular account of the coming of the mice, their multitude, their habits, and their determination. Then he asked many questions about the moral conduct and godliness of the inhabitants of Kilbogie, which his companion, as a native of Drumtochtly, painted in gloomy colours, although indicating that even in Kilbogie there was a remnant. Next morning the minister rose at daybreak, and was found wandering through the fields in such a state of excitement that he could hardly be induced to look at breakfast. When the "books" were plac'd before him, he turned promptly to the ten plagues of Egypt, which he expounded in order as preliminary to a full treatment of the visitations of Providence.

"He coves (beats) a' ye ever saw or heard," the farmer of Mains explained to the elders at the gate. "He gaed tae bed at half twa, and was oot in the fields by four, an' a'm dootin' he never saw his bed. He's lifted abune the body a' thegither, an' can hardly keep himsel' awa' frae the Hebrew at his breakfast. Ye'll get a sermon the day, or ma name is no Peter Pitillo." Mains also declared his conviction that the invasion of mice would be dealt with after a Scriptural and satisfying fashion. The people went in full of expectation, and to this day old people recall Jeremiah Saunderson's trial sermon with lively admiration. Experienced critics were suspicious of candidates who read lengthy

chapters from both Testaments, and prayed at length for the Houses of Parliament, for it was justly held that no man would take refuge in such obvious devices for filling up the time unless he was short of sermon material. One unfortunate, indeed, ruined his chances at once by a long petition for those in danger on the sea—availing himself with some eloquence of the sympathetic imagery of the 107th Psalm—for this effort was regarded as not only the most barefaced padding, but also as evidence of an almost incredible blindness to circumstances. "Did he think Kilbogie was a fishing village?" Mains enquired of the elders afterward, with pointed sarcasm. Kilbogie was not indifferent to a well-ordered prayer—although its palate was coarser in the appreciation of felicitous terms and allusions than that of Drumtochtly—and would have been scandalized if the Queen had been omitted; but it was by the sermon the young man must stand or fall, and Kilbogie despised a man who postponed the ordeal.

Saunderson gave double pledges of capacity and fulness before he opened his mouth in the sermon, for he read no Scripture at all that day, and had only one prayer, which was mainly a statement of the Divine Decrees, and a careful confession of the sins of Kilbogie; and then, having given out his text from the prophecy of Joel, he reverently closed the Bible and placed it on the seat behind him. His own reason for this proceeding was a desire for absolute security in enforcing his subject, and a painful remembrance of the disturbance in a south country church, when he landed a Bible—with clasps—on the head of the precentor in the heat of a discourse defending the rejection of Esau. Our best and simplest actions—and Jeremiah was as simple as a babe—can be misconstrued, and the only dissentient from Saunderson's election insisted that the Bible had been deposited on the floor, and asserted that the object

of his profanity was to give the preacher a higher standing in the pulpit. This malignant reading of circumstances might have wrought mischief—for Saunderson's gaunt figure did seem to grow in the pulpit—had it not been for the bold line of defence taken up by Mains.

"Gin he wanted tae stand high, wes it no tae preach the word? An' gin he wanted a soond foundation for his feet; what better could he get than the twa Testaments? Answer me that?"

It was seen at once that no one could answer that, and the captious objector never quite recovered his position in the parish, while it was not the least of Kilbogie's boasting, in which the Auld Kirk will even join against Drumtochty, that they have a minister who not only does not read his sermons, and does not need to quote his texts, but carries the whole book, in at least three languages, in his head, and once, as a proof thereof, preached with it below his feet.

Much was to be looked for from such a man, but even Mains, whetted by intercourse with Saunderson, was astonished at the sermon. It was a happy beginning to draw a parallel between the locusts of Joel and the mice of Kilbogie, and gave the preacher an opportunity of describing the appearance, habits, and destruction of the locusts, which he did solely from Holy Scripture, translating various passages afresh, and combining lights with marvellous ingenuity. This brief preface of half an hour, which was merely a stimulant for the Kilbogie appetite, led up to a thorough examination of physical judgments, during which both Bible and Church history were laid under liberal contribution. At this point the minister halted, and complimented the congregation on the attention they had given to the facts of the case, which were his first head, and suggested that before approaching the doctrine of visitations, they might refresh themselves with a Psalm. The

congregation were visibly impressed, and many made up their minds while singing:

"That man hath perfect blessedness,"

and while others thought it due to themselves to suspend judgment till they had tasted the doctrine, they afterward confessed their confidence. It goes without saying that he was immediately beyond the reach of the ordinary people on the second head, and even veterans in theology panted after him in vain, so that one of the elders, nodding assent to an exposure of the Manichæan heresy, suddenly blushed as one who had played the hypocrite. Some professed to have noticed a doctrine that had not been touched upon, but they never could give it a name, and it excited just admiration that a preacher, starting from a plague of mice, should have made a way, by strictly scientific methods, into the secret places of theology. Saunderson allowed his hearers a brief rest after the second head, and cheered them with the assurance that what was still before them would be easy to follow. It was the application of all that had gone before to the life of Kilbogie, and the preacher proceeded to convict the parish under each of the ten commandments—with the plague of mice ever in reserve to silence excuses—till the delighted congregation could have risen in a body and taken Saunderson by the hand for his fearlessness and faithfulness. Perhaps the extent and thoroughness of this monumental sermon can be best estimated by the fact that Claypots, father of the present tenant, who always timed his rest to fifty minutes exactly, thus overseeing both the introduction and application of the sermon, had a double portion, and even a series of supplementary dozes, till at last he sat upright through sheer satiety. It may also be offered as evidence that the reserve of peppermint held by mothers for their bairns was pooled, doles being furtively passed across

pews to conspicuously needy families, and yet the last had gone before Saunderson finished.

Mains reported to the congregational meeting that the minister had been quiet for the rest of the day, but had offered to say something about Habakkuk to any evening service, and had cleared up at family worship some obscure points in the morning discourse. He also informed the neighbors that he had driven his guest all the way to Muirtown, and put him in an Edinburgh carriage with his own hands, since it had emerged that Saunderson, through absence of mind, had made his down journey by the triangular route of Dundee. It was quite impossible for Kilbogie to conceal their pride in electing such a miracle of learning, and their bearing in Muirtown was distinctly changed; but indeed they did not boast vainly about Jeremiah Saunderson, for his career was throughout on the level of that monumental sermon. When the Presbytery, in the gaiety of their heart, examined Saunderson, to ascertain whether he was fully equipped for the work of the ministry, he professed the whole Old Testament in Hebrew, and MacWheep, of Pitcourie, who always asked the candidate to read the twenty-third Psalm, was beguiled by Jeremiah into the Book of Job, and reduced to the necessity of asking questions by indicating verbs with his finger. His Greek examination led to an argument between Jeremiah and old Dr. Dumsday on the use of the aorist, from which the minister-elect of Kilbogie came out an easy first; and his sermons were heard to within measurable distance of the second head by an exact quorum of the exhausted court, who were kept by the clerk sitting at the door, and preventing MacWheep escaping. His position in the court was assured from the beginning, and fulfilled the function of an Encyclopædia, with occasional amazing results, as when information was asked about some Eastern sect, for whose necessi-

ties the Presbytery were asked to collect, and Jeremiah showed clearly, with the reporters present, that the Cappadocians were guilty of a heresy beside which Morisonianism was an unsullied whiteness. His work as examiner-in-general for the court was a merciful failure, and encouraged the students of the district to return to their district court, who, on this rumor of him, had transferred themselves in a body to a Highland Presbytery, where the standard question in Philosophy used to be, "How many horns has a dilemma, and distinguish the one from the other?" No man knew what the minister of Kilbogie might not ask—he was only perfectly certain that it would be beyond his knowledge; but as Saunderson always gave the answer himself in the end, and imputed it to the student, anxiety was reduced to a minimum. Saunderson, indeed, was in the custom of passing all candidates, and reporting them as marvels of erudition, whose only fault was a becoming modesty—which, however, had not concealed from his keen eye hidden treasures of learning. Beyond this sphere, the good man's services were not used by a body of shrewd ecclesiastics, as the inordinate length of an ordination sermon had ruined a dinner prepared for the court by "one of our intelligent and large-hearted laymen," and it is still pleasantly told how Saunderson was invited to a congregational soiree—an ancient meeting where the people ate oranges, and the speaker rallied the minister on being still unmarried—and discoursed as a carefully chosen subject—on the Jewish feasts, with illustrations from the Talmud, till some one burst a paper bag and allowed the feelings of the people to escape. When this history was passed round Muirtown Market, Kilbogie thought still more highly of their minister, and indicated their opinion of the other parish in severely theological language.

Saunderson's reputation for unfathomable learning and saintly simplicity

was built up out of many incidents, and grew with the lapse of years to a solitary height in the big strath, so that no man would have dared to smile had the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie appeared in Muirtown in his shirt-sleeves, and Kilbogie would only have been a trifle more conceited. Truly he was an amazing man, and, now that he is dead and gone, the last of his race, I wish some man of his profession had written his life, for the doctrine he taught and the way he lived will not be believed by the new generation. The arrival of his goods was more than many sermons to Kilbogie, and I had it from Main's own lips. It was the kindly fashion of those days that the farmers carted the new minister's furniture from the nearest railway station, and as the railway to Kildrummie was not yet open, they had to go to Stormont Station on the north line: and a pleasant procession they made passing through Pitscourie, ten carts in their best array, and drivers with a semi-festive air. Mr. Saunderson was at the station, having reached it by some miracle without mistake, and was in a condition of abject nervousness about the handling and conveyance of his belongings.

"You will be careful—exceedingly careful," he implored; "if one of the boxes were allowed to descend hurriedly to the ground, the result to what is within would be disastrous. I am much afraid that the weight is considerable, but I am ready to assist;" and he got ready.

"Dinna pit yirsel' intae a feery farry(commotion)," but Mains was distinctly pleased to see a little touch of worldliness, just enough to keep the new minister in touch with humanity. "It'll be queer stuff oor lads canna lift, an' a'll gie ye a warranty that the'll no be a cup o' the cheeny broken;" and then Saunderson conducted his congregation to the siding.

"Dod, man," remarked Mains to the station-master, examining a truck with eight boxes; "the manse'll no want

for dishes at ony rate; but let's start on the furniture; whar hae ye got the rest o' the plenishing?"

"Naething mair? havers man, ye dinna mean tae say they pack beds an' tables in boxes; a' doot there's a truck missin'." Then Mains went over where the minister was fidgeting beside his possessions.

"No, no," said Saunderson, when the situation was put before him. "It's all here. I counted the boxes, and I packed every box myself. That top one contains the fathers—deal gently with it; and the Reformation divines are just below it. Books are easily injured, and they feel it. I do believe there is a certain life in them, and . . . and . . . they don't like being ill-used," and Jeremiah looked wistfully at the ploughmen.

"Div ye mean tae say," as soon as Mains had recovered, "that ye've brocht naethin' for the manse but bukes, naither bed nor bedding? Keep's a'," as the situation grew upon him, "whar are ye tae sleep, and what are ye tae sit on? An' div ye never eat? This croons a';" and Mains gazed at his new minister as one who supposed that he had taken Jeremiah's measure and had failed utterly.

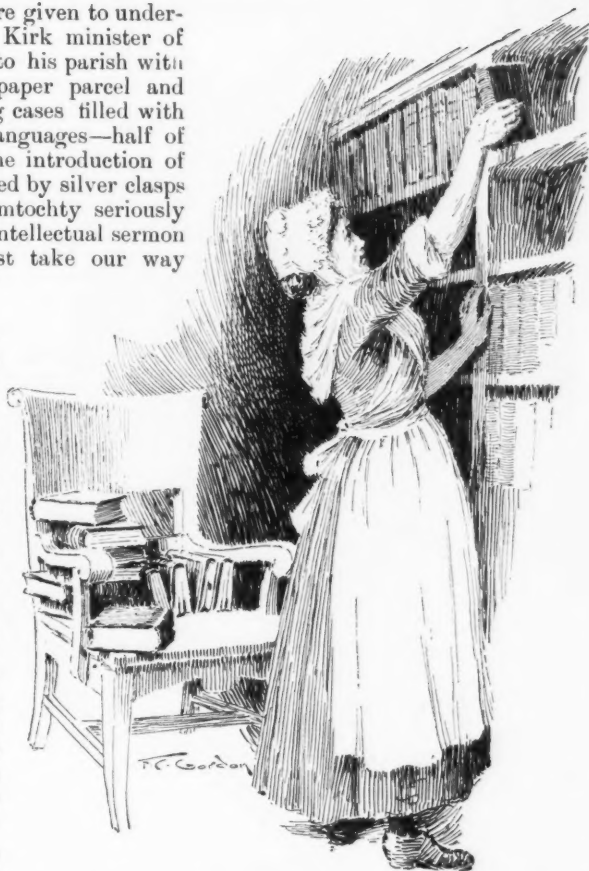
"Mea culpa—it's . . . my blame," and Saunderson was evidently humbled at this public exposure of his incapacity; "some slight furnishing will be expedient, even necessary, and I have a plan for book-shelves in my head; it is ingenious and convenient, and if there is a worker in wood . . ."

"Come awa' tae the dogcart, sir," said Mains, realizing that even Kilbogie did not know what a singular gift they had obtained, and that discussion on such sublunary matters as pots and pans was useless, not to say profane. So eight carts got a box each; one, Jeremiah's ancient kist of moderate dimensions; and the tenth—that none might be left unrecognized—a handbag that had been on the twelve years' probation with its master. The story grew as it passed westward, and when

it reached us we were given to understand that the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie had come to his parish with his clothing in a paper parcel and twenty-four packing cases filled with books, in as many languages—half of them dating from the introduction of printing, and fastened by silver clasps—and that if Drumtochty seriously desired to hear an intellectual sermon at a time, we must take our way through Tochtly woods.

Mrs. Pitillo took the minister into her hands, and compelled him to accompany her to Muirtown, where she had him at her will for some time, so that she equipped the kitchen (fully), a dining-room (fairly), a spare bed-room (amply), Mr. Saunderson's own bedroom (miserably), and secured a table and two chairs for the study. This success turned her head. Full of motherly forethought, and having a keen remembrance that

probationers always retired in the afternoon at Mains to think over the evening's address, and left an impress of the human form on the bed when they came down to tea, Mrs. Pitillo suggested that a sofa would be an admirable addition to the study. As soon as this piece of furniture, of a size suitable for his six feet, was pointed out to the minister, he took fright, and became quite unmanageable. He would not have such an article in his study on any account, partly because it would only feed a tendency to sloth—which he explained, was one of his besetting sins—and



"She had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books."

partly because it would curtail the space available for books, which, he indicated, were the proper furniture of any room, but chiefly of a study. So great was his alarm that he repented of too early concessions about the other rooms, and explained to Mrs. Pitillo that every inch of space be rigidly kept for the overflow of the study, which he expected—if he were spared—would reach the garrets. Several times on their way back to Kilbogie, Saunderson looked wistfully at Mrs. Pitillo, and once opened his mouth as if to speak, from which she

gathered that he was grateful for her kindness, but dared not yield any further to the luxuries of the flesh.

What this worthy woman endured in securing a succession of reliable housekeepers for Mr. Saunderson and overseeing the interior of that remarkable home, she was never able to explain to her own satisfaction, though she made many honest efforts, and one of her last intelligible utterances was a lamentable prophecy of the final estate of the Free Church manse of Kilbogie. Mr. Saunderson himself seemed at times to have some vague idea of her painful services, and once mentioned her name to Carmichael in feeling terms. There had been some delay in providing for the bodily wants of the visitor after his eight miles' walk from Drumtochty, and it seemed likely that he would be obliged to take his meal standing for want of a chair.

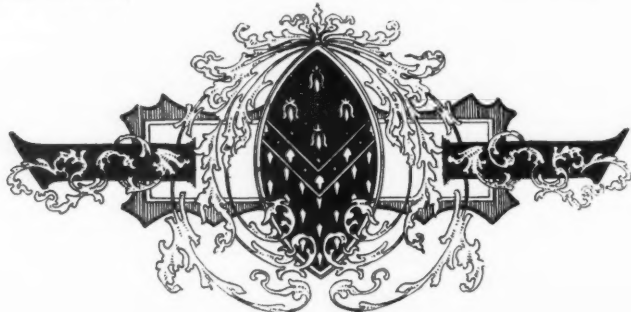
"While Mrs. Pitillo lived, I have a strong impression, almost amounting to certainty, that the domestic arrangements of the manse were better ordered; she had the episcopal faculty in quite a conspicuous degree, and was, I have often thought, a woman of sound judgment.

"We were not able at all times to see eye to eye, as she had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books and papers, and to arrange them after an artificial fashion. This she called tidying, and, in its most extreme form, cleaning.

"With all her excellences, there was also in her what I have noticed in most women, a certain flavor of guile, and on one occasion, when I was making a brief itinerary through Holland and France in search of comely editions of the fathers, she had the books carried out to the garden and dusted. It was the space of two years before I regained mastery of my library again, and unto this day I cannot lay my hands on the service book of King Henry VIII., which I had in the second edition, to say nothing of an original edition of Rutherford's *Lex Rex*.

"It does not become me, however, to reflect on the efforts of that worthy matron, for she was by nature a good woman, and if any one could be saved by good works, her place is assured. I was with her before she died, and her last words to me were, 'Tell Jean tae dust yir bukes since in the sax months, and for ony sake keep ae chair for sittin' on.' It was not the testimony one would have desired, but yet, Mr. Carmichael, I have often thought that there was a spirit of . . . of unselfishness, in fact, that showed the working of grace." Later in the same evening, Mr. Saunderson's mind returned to his friend's spiritual state, for he entered into a long argument to show that while Mary was more spiritual, Martha must have been within the Divine Election.

(To be continued.)



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THE WIGWAM—FORESTERS' ISLAND PARK.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

BY MARY TEMPLE BAYARD (MEG).

IT has been said that the most important movements in the progress of humanity are controlled by some strong personality, and that, in spite of the assertion of philosophical students to the contrary notwithstanding, the effect of the individuality of the leader is often exaggerated and that the great changes which society has made would have come in some form at all events, with or without the one whose name has been made great thereby. Nevertheless it is for the most part true, that history is a series of biographies and that the

leader is a factor equally potent with the sentiment which calls him into being.

Of no one can this more truly be said than of Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters. A biographical sketch of Dr. Oronhyatekha could not be written with Forestry left out any more than a history of the Order be given with no mention of Dr. Oronhyatekha, since through his masterly management this organization has been brought up from a membership of a few hundred to many

thousand in America alone, with a growth scarcely less phenomenal in England, Scotland and Ireland. All other pursuits have been made subordinate to this, the great object of his endeavors to make the Independent Order of Foresters the largest and best trusted of all fraternal organizations.

To master the first difficulties of such a position, and to win the reputation which his personal ambition naturally coveted, it will be understood, exacted from him great labor, hard study and a will to over-ride all discouragements. Of course he had his friends about him in the Order to cheer his hopes and stimulate his efforts to the task; but these friends were also his competitors in his struggles for leadership, men of established renown, reputed for their talents in politics and in the professions; and so it may be regarded as no doubtful praise of the new associate in the fraternity to say that he speedily earned, and has sustained in the estimation of the Order and the public generally, a fair and acknowledged title and place on the same platform socially and—I had almost said politically, which they occupy. But Dr. Oronhyatekha has not permitted himself to have political aspirations, though time and again well-meaning friends have urged him to announce himself a candidate for parliamentary honors, painting in alluring colors the advancement awaiting him along that road. But he has thought best to adhere to the organization whose name has almost become a synonym for his own, and in which he has had all the satisfaction only to be experienced by a man having built up such an order as that of the I.O.F. For this same reason, doubtless, Dr. Oronhyatekha has declined flattering, editorial offers that have come to him through the recognition of his ready, graphic and forceful pen. Not easy sacrifices these, for the frequent echo of one's name as a gifted speaker or writer, and the agreeable fillip to per-

sonal vanity which is given by the notice of the press magnifying into matter of public importance the conceits of one's brains and rendering his thoughts a commodity in the market is flattery not unrelished by even the most modest, and straightway sets the wits at work again to redouble the echo and its accompaniments.

At the time we first hear of Dr. Oronhyatekha in connection with the I.O.F., he was practicing medicine in London, Ontario, and his professional career was being characterized by a rapid and steady progress upward to the attainment of reputation, influence and independence. But carrying the same energy and enthusiasm into Forestry that he had into the practice of his profession he was soon elected to the office of High Chief Ranger of the province, and in this capacity showed such steadfast devotion to the order, marked by its regular and continued advancement which it was recognized could only have come by his unremitting watchfulness and toil, that he attracted the attention of the entire Forestry world and was rewarded by the highest office within the gift of the order, that of Supreme Chief Ranger.

The increasing demands of the organization under his leadership, finally necessitated the abandonment of his profession, which must have seemed a great sacrifice at the time. However, the reward has been great, for to-day he has the proud distinction of standing first in fraternal societies of America, with the splendid new home of Forestry, now going up on the corner of Bay and Richmond streets, Toronto, to stand forever a memorial to his zeal and efficiency.

The City of Toronto in particular and the Dominion in general owe Dr. Oronhyatekha a debt of gratitude greater than they know. It is doubtless not generally understood that Canada is not the birthplace of the I.O.F. Like a few other good and useful things it is of Yankee origin, Newark, New Jersey, having been the

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FROM A RECENT PHOTO

DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

cradle of the order. How long it was nursed and rocked in the Union is immaterial, since for so many years it has had its headquarters in Toronto and been officered chiefly by Canadians. Is it such a common occurrence for Canadians to supplant capable men of the United States in official positions and to take hold of, and build up societies that have been born under the stars and stripes, that no one has thought to question how the I.O.F. came to be.



DR. ORONHYATEKHA AT 21 YEARS OF AGE.

transplanted? Has it not occurred, that the movements of the Society have been controlled by some unusually strong personality? And do not all fair minded Canadians see in such a leader of men one to whom they should be proud to "crook the pregnant knee?"

Not only is the S.C.R. a born Canadian but also born a full-blooded Indian, and one as loyal to his blood as to his country and to the great order he represents, which leaves nothing to

be added in way of either personal, patriotic or fraternal pride.

The romantic story of his birth, early struggles and varied education is as a twice-told tale already, but one too full of dramatic situations to ever lose in interest. He was born at the Six Nations Reservations near Brantford, Ont., in 1841, his education was begun at home in an Industrial School, established by "The New England Company" for the training of young Indians. This school was the stepping-stone to Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., where he passed several terms before going to Kenyon College, Ohio, where he remained two years. This course was followed by another at Toronto University, all the while being entirely dependent upon his own resources. But adversity we know, is not unfrequently the most healthful ingredient in the cup of human experience and the best tonic to brace the mind for those encounters in which virtue is proved, renown achieved and success won, developing by patient ordeal and many hard knocks the genuine, but destroying the spurious.

Even as early as Kenyon College days we find in the character of Dr. Oronhyatekha, evidences of that shrewdness, boldness and ability as an organizer, that has marked his entire course. Apropos of these characteristics is a story coming from his college associates to the effect that, finding his limited exchequer nearly depleted at the end of one term and the chances for another consequently at the vanishing point, he organized an Indian show. With one "really" Indian and several of the most raw-boned white men he could induce to receive instructions in war dances, songs, and blood-curdling war whoops, and be painted and feather-trimmed to suit the requirements of the show, he put in the vacation "starring" through the country, with the result that the next session found the young showman, in the language of the street, with "money to burn."

It was while Oronhyatekha was a student at Toronto University that the Prince of Wales made his memorable visit to Canada. The Chiefs of the Six Nations deputed him to deliver an address to the son of the "Great Mother," as they called the Queen. The impression the young Indian made

To Sir Henry Acland, Dr. Oronhyatekha would have us give the lion's share of credit for whatsoever of good or cleverness we find in him to-day. His only son, Acland Oronhyatekha, he named for the beloved preceptor, and in every way that a man of wealth and position could, the Doctor



PROFESSOR ACLAND AND DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

upon the Prince and the royal party was so favorable that he was invited to continue his studies at Oxford, England, under the care of Sir Henry Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine, and out of this relation of teacher and pupil, sprung a friendship that will likely last to the end of life.

has honored the man who directed his studies, stimulated his energies and cheered his life with all the tenderness of a father, when he was a poor Indian boy among a strange people. That the friendship established between these two, teacher and scholar, continues to the present time, the follow-

ing letter of introduction to the celebrated Doctor Alan Herbert, of Paris, will show :

OXFORD, June 6th, 1891.

MY DEAR ALAN HERBERT :—

May I introduce to you Oronhyatekha, with his wife and daughter. He is a pure Mohawk, whom I met when in Canada with the Prince of Wales in 1860. He came to Oxford as an undergraduate, upon my invitation, and subsequently became a most excellent physician and surgeon. He has left medicine and is now at the head of a great society of Foresters—a large insurance body in America.

He was attached to us and we to him. Be kind to a rare fellow-man.

Very affectionately,

H. ACLAND.

Oxford days over, Dr. Oronhyatekha, like the man in the Bible, "married him a wife," selecting her from among his own race. Mrs. Oronhyatekha has the distinction among her people of having been well born, since she is the great-grand daughter of Captain Joseph Brant the celebrated Head Chief of the Mohawks of Revolutionary War fame. She is an educated woman, full of an almost girlish enthusiasm in all she undertakes, and she undertakes much. In her the Doctor has found a ready sympathizer and capable helpmate. To them has been born several children, only two having lived to manhood and womanhood.

Acland, the son, seems following in the footsteps of his father professionally, having been graduated a physician, but given up the practice to look after the interests of Forestry in England. In the selection of a wife however, he departed from parental example, having married an English woman, thereby introducing the first white blood into the family.

Miss Oronhyatekha, christened by the musical name of Karawinah, with the pretty interpretation of "moving sun," is a young lady who seems to have made the most of her advantages for education and travel, and would do credit to any parents. She is intellectually active and progressive, is a musician, a superb horsewoman and

one who can row and shoot like the proverbial woman of her race.

Notable men are often studied to best advantage in their own homes and among their own people. It has been the privilege of the writer to "study" Dr. Oronhyatekha in each of his several homes, for in the matter of residence the Doctor has provided for his family after the fashion set by royalty. In the zenith of his fame he has not lost sight of his obligations to those who watched his first steps and protected his earliest infancy; therefore the home nearest his heart is that one called "The Pines," situated in the midst of his people on the Mohawk Reservation, six miles across the plains from Deseronto, Ontario. Another favorite residence is the newer home on an island in the Bay of Quinte, at Deseronto, which has been suggestively named "The Wigwam," it stands upon storied ground, having been in the possession of Mrs. Oronhyatekha's ancestors and by them known as "Captain Johns Island." This island is a veritable gem in the midst of the waters of the far-famed Bay of Quinte and was purchased by Dr. Oronhyatekha, and renamed "Foresters' Island Park." Of all places on earth in which to loaf and invite one's soul, this island home is the place pre-eminent.

But the demands of the order on his time makes all loafing on the part of "the chief" entirely out of the question and barely leaves time to "invite the soul," or for the pleasure of the family circle. The City of Toronto claims him for her own, and upon her streets his picturesque figure daily attracts attention. Among any number of men of distinguished appearance he would claim first and last notice, and not by reason of his color alone, but by his splendid dignity uncommon repose, and general polish, outward evidence of the inner man. Those who know him best do not need to be reminded how distinctively his face and figure suggest his Indian

blood. The massive and bold outline of his countenance, the keen eye that can either warm the heart of a friend or wither an enemy; the expressive nose, ample chin, the height, rather above six feet; the shoulders broad as those of Robin Hood; capacious chest and general fullness of development all equally characteristic of his race. His countenance eminently suggestive of "muttering thunder" in repose, is full of sunshine in animation; the ever changing expression of his lips at one moment sobered with thought and in the next radiant with a rich lurking humor which coming straight from the heart provokes a laugh before a word has been spoken. These are traits of character that enliven whatever might be supposed to be saturnine in the merely national cast of his countenance.

Dr. Oronhyatekha has a definite personality, one that awakens immediate interest and exerts an instant charm. He is a man who will win the admiration of the generation which succeeds him as it has those who have had the honor to be his contemporaries. Those who look for the outward evidences of a masterful man in Dr. Oronhyatekha are not disappointed. He might be mistaken for a statesman on duty, but not for a country store-keeper off for a holiday. His is a composite character. The first element in his composition is will, and the words should be written in italics; the second is infinite patience and genius for details; the third is a great power to compromise differences in the Order; the fourth is to keep his word; and the fifth to keep silent.

It is paradoxically true of him that he is both stubborn and pliable. Once satisfied he is right he goes ahead promptly. His methods are practical. He believes in money, influence and activity without noise. He rules with an iron or a velvet hand as the case requires. He studies the tendency of public thought as earnestly as does a statesman and contrives to turn up

always at the front and leading in the popular direction. As a leader he practices the policy of conciliating his enemies if he can, but whipping them if he must. If smitten upon one cheek he does not turn the other exactly but will watch for a favorable opportunity to show the aggressor, in a plausible and friendly way, that he was in the wrong.

At the head of a large organization his life has been in great part, life in the noon-day,—in the presence of sharp-sighted critics. Public life has always two sides, one acting sentinel upon the other and a blunder or a slovenly neglect of the matter in hand, never escapes without comment. Dullness is deficiency and is sure to be stamped or patented with such sufficient publication as to go forever unquestioned upon its settled and intrinsic demerits. But there has been no such short-comings or inefficiency charged up to Dr. Oronhyatekha. Through professional jealousy, leaders of rival organizations have turned the search light of investigation on both the I.O.F. and the personal character of the S.C.R., but both have stood the test.

Much of Dr. Oronhyatekha's wonderful success as an organizer is doubtless due to his talent as a public speaker, which talent so well qualifies him to contest for first honors in the several societies with which he has become identified. He has been an active worker in the temperance cause, ever since old enough to realize right from wrong. For 39 years he has been a member of that body known as Good Templars. At a session of the Supreme Lodge held in Edinburg, Scotland, a few years ago, he was elected to the highest office belonging to the organization—that of Supreme Templar.

In Masonry, Dr. Oronhyatekha has received the degrees of the Royal Arch Chapter; Knight Templar, 33rd degree in the Scottish Rite, and that of the Mystic Shrine, and is also Most Worshipful Grand Master Mason of

the Dominion of Royal and Oriental Masonry.

An English periodical speaks of him in debate as being "calm, courteous, imperturbable, clear and decisive. His weapon is as smooth and incisive as a Damascus scimitar; his dexterity in wielding it, and his quickness in watching the fence of an opponent, are extraordinary and admirable. As a presiding officer he shows even to better advantage, maintaining and expediting business without apparent effort; keeping discussion within legitimate bounds, and extricating it out of tangles by his tact and intimate knowledge of the law and rules of debate." An orator he may not be in the strict sense of the word, having none of that eloquence which struts around the heart without entering it, but he is forceful, poignant, witty and scholarly, for be it known hereafter by all who have thought the Doctor's knowledge begins and ends with Forestry, that he is an omniverous reader. His own room, whether in Toronto, at "The Pines," or in the "Wigwam," is that of the student and scholar. His possessions are all impressive tributes to the refinement and good taste which brought them together. His pictures,

marbles, bric-a-brac, and books represent extensive travel and a wide knowledge of people, places, and things.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is a man beloved for his social virtues as much as for his executive ability. In his personal relations he is gracious and unassuming. He never turns anyone away with a short answer, save as "no" is a small word. Everyone who calls upon him may see him, unless the exigencies of official duties and obligations, or in conference, make it impossible to spare even a moment, and may talk to him as long as he has anything worth hearing to say. As a rule it is the visitor who does the talking, unless he be one in whom the Chief has confidence, when he will open the doors of his speech and talk freely and most entertainingly.

Though a public functionary, he is one who, having no relish for politics, has consequently been but little identified with that public history which so often imparts the only value to biography; but the waters of oblivion will never submerge the name of Oronhyatekha so long as the Independent Order of Foresters exists, or is remembered as having existed.

RECOMPENSE.

I SAW two sowers in Life's field at morn
 To whom came one in angel guise, and said
 "Is it for labor that a man is born?
 Lo! I am Ease. Come ye, and eat my bread!"
 Then gladly one forsook his task undone
 And with the tempter went his slothful way:
 The other toiled until the setting sun
 With stealing shadows blurred the dusty day.
 Ere harvest time, upon Earth's peaceful breast
 Each laid him down amid the unreaping dead.
 "Labor hath other recompense than rest,
 Else were the toiler like the fool," I said,
 "God meteth him not less, but rather more,
 Because he sowed, and others reaped his store."

JOHN McCRAE.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

BY HÉLÈNE E. F. POTTS.

NOT everybody could live in the village.

It was not because the climate was too bad, even if the marsh and river were only a mile off, nor was it on account of any social or ethical considerations, but because not every person was possible to Bombastes Furioso.

Bombastes Furioso—so called by the grace of God and his own nature, but by his fellow-villagers B. F.—wanted everyone under his thumb.

Unsophisticated creatures, with independence of mind and a certain amount of moral tenderness, who previously to this had existed on three meals a day without the consent of B. F., found his microscopic surveillance of body and soul intolerable, and—objected, but later on fled the village in horror with the howlings of B. F.'s parasites making pandemonium in their hearts.

B. F. was a banker with money, and did business in an unpretentious two-roomed house on the main street; but higher up, on a considerable knoll in the centre of the village, he lived on verandahs surrounding three sides of of a red-brick structure which stood four square, facing west, and holding in view six miles of river and marsh, and half the back-kitchens of the village.

B. F. had been growing stout for years.

But strange, as his body grew in grossness his soul grew in l-an-ness, until by the time he weighed three hundred pounds, his soul was as fine-drawn and tough as a fiddle-string, and the villagers whispered to one another—just whispered, mind,—“Does he ever expect to go to Heaven?”

But one Frenchman did better. He came out of the little bank parlor and

went directly across to the saloon, ordered drinks for the crowd, and swore by the Virgin Mary and all the saints, until the glasses clinked on the bar, that he would “do” him yet. “Dat man,” he said between his teeth, in his peculiar idiom. “Dat man, Mon Dieu! he have no entrails.”

This was in eighty-seven—I think he said eighty-seven—and the name of the village is Brag's Dorf—I think he said Brag's Dorf—names of villages slip away like objects in a fog.

In any case, it was the year in which the Rev. Augustus Jones came to locate in the village.

The previous summer the Rev. Augustus had spent his holidays in Ontario, and in passing through the villages had noticed the neglected little church with its grass-grown pathway, and its bell rusting in the belfry. He noticed also the brow-beaten and otherwise heathen condition of the natives, so he went back to his home in New York, and reflected.

The Rev. Augustus was a young thing. The dawn of manhood had as yet shewn no signs on lip and chin; and his delicate girlish face was tinted with a soft pink like the flush on the warm side of a peach. His hair was curly and wonderfully brown, and he parted it in a line with his nose. His hands were small, and more transparent than a girl's, and he played the violin delightfully. More, his cassock hung on his slender frame with a grace not unbecoming a woman.

But these femininities did not reflect upon his intellect. He had been first prize and medal man in his college days, and since, had written a thesis on “Failure and Success,” which had attracted the attention of the whole theological, not to say,

thinking world. Moreover, he had a sweet-blooded and unselfish nature, and was Scotch on his mother's side, and "canny-going." He had zeal enough to reform the world, so he thought he would like to try what he could do with Brag's Dorf.

By the time he had been with the people six weeks they loved him. Before six months, they worshipped even his attenuated shadow.

They loved him for himself, they worshipped him for his preaching. He did not preach "Creed" or "Baptism" or "Church," or any inscrutable doctrine with which former parsons had been wont to deluge them, and rouse first their orthodoxy, then their ire. No, not these things! He told them rather of the unsearchable riches of Christ and the consolations of his commandments, and the infinite issues attending upon every day duties. And his flute-like voice would grow higher and higher, and he would strike right out from his tender shoulder and pour forth words which fell from his lips like live coals and burned where they fell—words in which he pointed out to them the ugliness of their lives,—the wrong of this—the cowardliness of that. And then afterwards he would draw a picture describing the beauty of Christian life and the sweetness of holy living, and assured them most certainly and unmistakably that

"What began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

And the soft June air came in at the open windows, bringing with it the languorous scent of the blooming lilacs and the busy humming of the summer insects, while the church seemed filled with the swish of angels' robes, and the congregation listened with a rapt intentness, besieged with thoughts that were not of this earth.

And they got it all for nothing.

This was the item always greatly prominent to the mind of B.F. For, Augustus Jones was the only scion of a noble and wealthy house, and he

spent his money freely on the little church and his people.

When he had first come to the Dorf, B.F. had taken him warmly by the hand and welcomed him to "our little town," in most cordial tones. A "parson" who would work for nothing being an altogether unheard of but very desirable anomaly.

But as the months went away into nothing, B. F. found him less desirable. He was too gentle, too unassuming, too inoffensive, too popular, too altogether "good" for B. F.'s liking. He was a constant and not silent reminder, and made B. F. feel uncomfortable; and on that particular June Sunday spoken of above, B. F. walked out of the church expanding his broad waist-coat to the fullest, and smiling his blandest, most fishy smile, but nevertheless having an inward misgiving that the "parson meant him," by his sermon. Besides, he fancied he detected covert sneers in the greetings of his fellow-villagers.

That settled it.

It was noticed that afternoon by the neighbors that B. F. did a good deal of pompous strutting back and forth—back and forth on his verandahs. It was his habit to do this every morning, accompanied by the loud tapping of the heavy cane which he carried by way of support and ostentation, as one who should say, "It is I. Behold me! Bombastes Furioso."

But this perambulation in the afternoon was unusual, and more unusual yet, was the appearance of the coachman with the "buggy," into which B. F. lifted his ponderous weight and was driven off.

B. F. wanted to see two men.

One was a youngish man by the name of Karsbrook, doing business in the village, and who was constantly in that condition known as "pressed for cash." He had no other peculiarity that I ever heard of. Just at present he had notes falling due with horrible regularity and composure, and stood in daily need of B. F.'s favor.

The other man wss old Benks—like-wise a factotum of B. F., but for a very different reason. Benks had been a farmer in his day and a great sinner; but he had long ago repented in sackcloth and ashes, and had been converted; at least outwardly. There were, however, certain little “goings on” of Benks that were known to B. F.—What was there B. F. did not know?—and Benks was in constant, deadly fear lest these things would be disclosed to the Church and his reputation for piety and exemplary living ruined forever.

For instance:

Benks was fond of his glass, and upon one occasion, some roystering young fellows got him into a quiet room and plied him with his favorite beverage, and then prevailed upon him to tell his famous story of the time he went to fight the Fenians. But this night Benks couldn't get on with his story. He got as far as “and I wore a three-cornered hat and a long-tailed coat,” and there he stuck. The utmost assistance to his memory from his companions could not hoist him over this vision of himself in his by-gone glory. And by constant maudlin repetition he got the words mixed and kept on saying “ye should 'av seed me in me three-cornered coat and long-tailed hat—three-cornered coat and long-tailed hat.” And while being helped home not long afterward, he shouted continually, “three-cornered coat and long-tailed hat.”

Ever after, it was sufficient for B. F. to say “three ———”

Benks was on his knees at once.

These two men were asked to meet B. F. in the little bank parlor that evening.

B. F. opened the conversation thus:

“Do you remember the time you got ‘let in’ for that two hundred dollars, Karsbrook?”

“Do I remember? Shall I ever forget!” said Karsbrook in a tone of protest and indignation at the touching up of an old sore.

“He was a Yankee, I think,” went on B. F.

“Yis, yis,” broke in Benks, “he wuz a Yankee. I trust the Yankees fer bein' smart.”

“You're right there,” said B. F., “there's no tellin' what a Yankee won't do.”

Both Benks and Karsbrook knew perfectly well that this was only beating about the bush, and each waited in some trepidation the further disclosures of B. F.'s mind, having each his own reason for feeling uneasy.

After a pause, B. F. went on:

“There's that ‘new woman’ business now. They do say as how half the women in the States is going about in men's clothing—bloomers they call 'em, but they might just as well dress as men out and out.”

“Thet's so, thet's so,” said Benks. He felt called upon to say something. He had no very clear ideas about bloomers, but when B. F. intimated so positively that they were a disgrace, he must acquiesce.

B. F. continued:

“And these women are going into all the professions, too. Heaps of them are doctors and ministers. D'ye know what I heard?”

It was coming now—and the three heads came closer together. If there was anything they particularly relished in those dull times, it was a bit of news; and their minds were somewhat relieved, for they felt that the matter, whatever it was, was extraneous to themselves.

“You needn't say anything about my telling you. In fact, I could have told you before, but I didn't believe it myself, but now it can't be denied, and it must be told.”

“Yis,” said Benks, scenting a scandal, and as eager as a hound on the trail of blood.

“Well,” B. F. went on, his voice dropping to a whisper. The three rascally heads were almost touching now. “Well—, well—, the parson's a woman—a new woman.”

"Ah!"

The three heads drew apart with a dignified check.

"Ah!"

B. F. watched them closely. He knew his men.

Their eyes sought the corners of the room. They did not care to meet his look, for they knew he was lying, and they did not want their face to betray them.

After a long silence Benks brought his eyes down from the opposite wall where he had been trying to trace out the pattern of the wall-paper in the dim light, and said, "I never did hold with them cassicks."

"Hear! hear!" said B. F. in a hearty tone, and when B. F. said hear, hear, it was like the boom, boom of a bittorn in the sedges.

This broke through the icy constraint, and a long conversation ensued, carried on in whispers, while the summer moon streamed in through the curtainless window at the back, and shed her soft radiance over these unholy creatures, planning the discomfiture and possible disgrace of a fellow-creature with the same precision and nicety of detail which one might expect in a train-wrecker, who intends to overthrow the on-coming express; or of a gambler who works for the ruin of some moneyed youth. For evil consists not in action but in character, and the motive which animates a man to rob a fellow-being of his reputation, is no less evil than the motive which prompts the murderer to his hellish work. The consequence of each is death—and it is far-reaching and brings injury to those who never saw it.

The next morning as Benks was leaving his home, he met the young clergyman face to face.

"Why? Good-mornin' to ye. Ye look as fresh 's a daisy."

"Yes?" said the Rev. Augustus, questioningly, smiling and shewing all his pretty teeth.

"Yis, indeed. I wuz just sayin'

yisterday to B. F. that yer 're as good-lookin' and fresh as a woman, with all yer white teeth a-shinin'."

The young man laughed a sweet, bird-like laugh, looked at his pretty feet, and—blushed.

Benks went straight to the bank and in to B. F. and whispered:

"I do b'lieve he's a woman. I charged him with it, and he blushed. Mark my words, he'll be out of the place in twenty-four hours."

"Didn't I tell you? Of course he's a woman," said B. F. in some glee, for he saw that Benks was becoming convinced that it was a reality. Benks belonged to that class of ignorant persons who are always ready to believe anything to another's disadvantage.

He had, however, no authority whatever, for saying that the Rev. Augustus would leave the village, and he was the most surprised man in the Dorf when it was reported to him that the young clergyman had taken the mid-day train for the South, leaving no word as to his possible destination or return.

Before night the Dorf was ringing with the news.

The men stood about in knots here and there, laughing, deriding, jeering. Many didn't believe it and were fearfully indignant. No one could trace the story to its fountain-head, although a great many of the older men imputed it to B. F. They had known him long and had had many dealings with him.

For three days talk ran rife in the Dorf. Business in the shops was almost suspended, and B. F. was reveling and grovelling in the mire of his triumph.

But it was short-lived.

For on the arrival of the daily papers on Friday, there was a little conventional notice copied from a New York paper which ran something in this wise:

JONES—LLAB. On Tuesday, June 23rd, in St. Thomas Church, New York, by the Rev. Arthur Didgeforth,

Cicely Evelyn Gertrude Llab, only daughter of the Hon. Beauchamp Llab, to the Rev. Augustus Jones, incumbent of Brag's Dorf, Ont.

The tables were turned in very earnest. It was now the time for those who had been indignant to jeer and laugh and taunt. The Dorf was in an uproar, in fact it had not been in such a commotion since the last election. Drinks were given and received, and whiskey flowed as plentifully as water. More strenuous efforts than ever were made to find out the originator, and B. F.'s name was mentioned freely—too freely for the peace of that gentleman.

Towards night, the little Frenchman who had sworn "to do" B. F., got on a table in the saloon and called for drinks all round, and when glasses were charged, he held his aloft and shouted:

"Here's to the parson and his bride, three times three!" such a shout! and all as if from one throat. Never in the long history of that dingy saloon had there been heard anything like it.

It was some weeks before the Rev. Augustus returned to the Dorf with his shy bride—just a shade sweeter and prettier and smaller than her fair young husband,—and by this time, the Dorf had somewhat settled down again into its habitual somnolence. So the story did not leak out, and the Rev. Augustus was as innocent as a lamb of the past commotion.

But it was too good to keep, and a few weeks later when the Bishop of the Diocese came to the Dorf to hold Confirmation Services, one of the church-wardens being invited into supper after the service, by Mrs. Augustus, rose up and told the tale, and the Bishop laughed long and heartily and told the story afterwards at headquarters, and it was so rich that it was told, and told, and told again, and finally got into all the papers and magazines, and—well, things got so hot and uncomfortable for B. F. that he gave up business, and sold his verandahs, with the house attached, and moved to another part of the country.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

THE pines are draped in night and cloud,
Earthward their stately heads are bowed;
Their weird shrieks, their mighty groans
Sink shuddering to half-smothered moans
As the sinuous wind goes by,
As the wind goes reeling by.

The pines are decked by morning gray,
Stern sentinels on duty, they
Watch o'er a cold and dusky form,
A victim of the midnight storm
When the sinuous wind went by,
When the wind went reeling by.

The pines are flushed by noon-day glow,
They tell not of their charge below.
The pure white snow is softly spread
And shrouds from gaze that tired head,
Where the sinuous wind goes by,
Where the wind goes reeling by.

H. A. CODY.

THE NEW COUNTY GOOUNCIL.

BY J. M. MEVOY.

CIVILIZATION has developed many systems of local government. Every system of national government, as has well been said, requires three elements, a central government which directs the general trend of national affairs, determines what shall be the course pursued by citizens in their civic life; some local machinery whereby the central government may make itself felt in the distant parts of the empire; and some link connecting these two parts of governmental machinery.

Whether there was a time with Anglo-Saxon people, either in England or in the Valley of the Rhine, when the local divisions of the kingdom dominated over the central government and determined its course, or whether there was no permanent central authority, need not be discussed here. But as the art of government has advanced—or retrograded, as you choose to view it—local government has become more and more powerful and important to the nations. Many systems have been tried; various changes and improvements have been grafted on to each of these systems in different countries. In the United States, local government has worked itself out in a slightly different form in almost every individual state. In our own Dominion, there is a slight difference of form in each of the provinces, with scarcely any difference in principle; or, rather, there was not much difference in principle until the bill which received its third reading in the present Legislature of Ontario was borne in upon us.

In Ontario we began our local government by a system naturally enough brought originally from England to the Northeastern States, and from

there carried to Ontario, or Upper Canada as it was then called. This was merely following the course of emigration. This system gave the government of the Province, as one would naturally expect to find a hundred years ago, almost complete and arbitrary control over the minutest affairs of local administration. The government, by commission, appointed magistrates or justices of the peace in the various localities or settlements of the province. The country had, by surveyors, been struck out into townships, and these were grouped at one time into four large districts, but before the system of local government became a very important factor in the management of the affairs of the province, these had been sub-divided so that there were some eleven or twelve districts. Three to five of our present large counties were included in a district. The magistrates appointed by the government were chosen usually for party purposes. They met in an assembly at the central town of the district and the body was known as the Quarter Sessions. It possessed judicial and administrative, and, to some extent legislative functions. Many of the functions performed by our County Judges now, at certain sittings, which are known as the Quarter Sessions still, were then performed by the chairman and magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled. Even at the present time, the magistrates of the county have the old common-law right to sit on the Bench with a County Judge at Quarter Sessions, and in many counties, if a magistrate whom the County Judge knows to be a magistrate enters the court room during Quarter Sessions he is asked by the judge to take a seat on the Bench. Nothing has been done

to legally take away the right of the magistrate to sit and assist in performing certain of the functions which were a part of the duty of the Quarter Sessions to perform at this early period. So that there is theoretically a residuum of power in this well-nigh extinct body. Most of their powers, however, have, by acts of Parliament, been delegated to other bodies.

At or about the passing of the Reform Bill in England the more modern spirit which took hold upon the Anglo-Saxon world at that time made itself felt with us, and an elective body was created to perform the administrative and legislative functions of the Magistrates in Quarter Sessions.* This new administrative and legislative body was known as a "District Council" and in many respects would correspond very closely with the body which it is designed to call into existence by the New Bill. The District Council, created in 1841, did all the legislative and administrative work of local Government which was being done by any corporate body at that time, the Quarter Sessions retaining its judicial powers. There was no Township Council. The system was found not to work satisfactorily for many reasons, the principal one being the lack of accurate knowledge as to the conditions and needs of all the various parts of the wide territory for the welfare of which each District Council was responsible.

In 1849, the system, which has from that date to the present been at work in Ontario, was inaugurated. It was the combination of two systems. Township Councils were created to manage the more local part of municipal business and at the same time each township, according to its population, was given one or more representatives—chosen from the Township Council

—in the County Council. Thus the County Council was created by the same act and was made up of a certain proportion of the members of the various Township Councils, known as Reeves and Deputy-Reeves. The functions of the old District Council were cut in twain and handed over either to the Township Council or to the County Council, as convenience and expediency, owing to the nature of the work, required. This system has developed naturally with the province and is a part of its civilization. It is a thing which enters into and makes up a large part of the public life and opinion of the rural population and is regarded with no small feeling of reverence by a large portion of that population. The people have become attached to it. Experience has ingrafted upon it most complicated and numerous amendments and improvements. It has worked well.

The new Ontario Act cuts in upon this system. It can hardly be said that the change effected by it is an amendment or in any sense a development of the present system. It is a breaking away from the old ideas and a beginning upon a new principle.

Whether or not it will prove advantageous on the whole is a very grave question and of great moment. This will be appreciated when it is stated that the various municipal bodies collect and disburse about double as much money annually as does the Ontario Government. No doubt there has been a considerable demand for a change, but whether that demand has arisen from well-considered conclusions or from a desire to catch the popular fancy by finding fault with existing things, it is not easy to determine.

The one objection which in late years has been successfully urged against the present way of constituting County Councils is its expensiveness. It was contended by a large number of persons with more or less experience of the workings of municipal institutions in Ontario that the number of County

*This change affords an excellent illustration of the new idea which had taken possession of Anglo-Saxons the world over as to where the ultimate authority in matters of government ought to rest.

Councillors was too large—rendering these bodies cumbersome and costly. That one objection, it is thought, is the only potent objection that has been urged against the County Councils as they now exist.

It would not be easy to reduce the number of County Councillors, and yet preserve the principles under which they are at present elected. The difficulty arises in this way. Villages have sprung up in almost every township. Little towns require side-walks, lighting, fire protection and various other accommodations not at all used or needed by the farming community. As a consequence, it was found necessary to incorporate these villages and give them a public body authorized to levy rates and provide the various public services required by them as distinct from the farmers in the locality in the nature of their needs. It would not be wise to continue to administer the affairs of a village of more than seven or eight hundred people by a Council elected by a whole township of farmers. Many difficulties would arise. It would be not less dangerous to the village than to the township. The close relationship and natural cohesion among the villagers would give them an undue weight and influence in Township Councils were they to be retained as an integral part of the township after their population exceeded the number mentioned. When the village was given the right to choose a body to act for it in a corporate capacity it was thought as of course to require a representative in the County Council.

It could not be represented by less than one man, and if a village were given one man to represent its population, it would result in the necessity of giving in some townships five men to represent the population of the township. In this way our County Councils grew to be little parliaments with thirty to fifty members in each of them.

It was decided to reduce these num-

bers, and owing to the difficulty suggested in the last paragraph it was thought necessary to do away with the principle of representation by townships, towns and villages, to sever the connection between County and Township Councils entirely by electing members to the County Council directly from a district not coterminous with any township, town or village, but from a group of townships, towns and villages, as the case may require. The number of Councillors for each County will be about one-third of what it formerly was, and a member of the Township Council will not be eligible for election as a member of the County Council after the first election.

The advantages and disadvantages of the change are both important. One of the advantages expected from the change is the reduction of the expense connected with the administration of County affairs. County Councillors, under the present system, vote themselves a per diem indemnity for the days they actually sit in Council, varying from \$1.50 in some counties, to \$3.00 in others. Three sessions of five days each are usually held annually. Two-thirds of this indemnity would be saved by the proposed change. It is probable, too, that the smaller body will be able to transact the business more rapidly than the larger and more complicated one has done in the past, and that the sittings will be shorter. It has been said that a saving is likely to be affected in the amount formerly spent in payment of various members of the Council for committee work during the time when the Council as a whole is not in session. There is not a doubt that in some counties a considerable sum has been paid in the past to such committees—chosen to do particular pieces of work or to look after some one or more of the various interests of the County or to take action in cases where promptness is required. It is doubtful, however, if any saving could be affected in that direction. On the

contrary it would seem probable that committee work will become more expensive under the new system. The larger territory represented by each member will necessarily make him more distant from the different points of the County which have to be visited by these committees. It has been the practice heretofore to have committees upon bridges and other matters composed largely of the members of the County Council residing in the vicinity of the particular work required of that committee. It is not urged that there will be any reduction in the amount of committee work, and, in all probability, no reduction in the per diem payment for the work. So that no considerable saving can be looked for in this direction.

Another anticipated advantage is that the County Councillors will be brought more directly face to face with the electorate, and that their actions in the County Council will be more closely scanned than they were under the old system. As it is now, there is no doubt a danger that a man's conduct in the Township Council will be the principal factor in determining his re-election, while his conduct at the County Council is carelessly passed over by the average voter.

The disadvantages which suggest themselves are more numerous and perhaps more formidable, though possibly not so popular. With our too wide franchise the prospect of an immediate saving of a few dollars, especially if it is to be cut from the income of some man who is looked upon as a leader in his neighborhood, is too powerful just at present to redound to the best interests of the country.

An objection which occurs to one's mind at once, is that under this new system a new division of territory is brought about. This is undesirable. The political strength of democracy is anchored in the mutual confidence of the aggregation of voters that are obliged to work together. Every time

a new contingent of electors is introduced into the old body which has been wont for years to work together and to know its various members and their respective powers, as well as the amount of confidence each has earned, a strong element of distrust is introduced, and the power of democratic action is weakened. The splitting up of the old territory into smaller districts is not so harmful, but that new grouping is always dangerous is agreed by all modern and thoughtful writers on the subject.

There is no doubt that a smaller number of men could transact the business of the County Council as quickly and possibly as safely and well as the present number, provided that they had the necessary knowledge at hand. It must not be forgotten, however, that a large part of the duty of each member of the County Council is to bring to the council chamber his quota of local knowledge of the needs of the roads, bridges and other matters within the cognizance of the council, as well as of the feeling and desires of the people in his locality. It is agreed by all persons of experience in County Councils that the actual business is, even at present, directed in each county by a few of the leading members. It is equally well agreed that if they were not informed by the less prominent members of all the facts and opinions necessary to be considered before determining any course of action, that they would of necessity be obliged to go to the various localities and acquaint themselves with these facts on the ground. It is doubtful if anything could be saved in the matter of time, certainly nothing in matter of expense, if this course were pursued; and pursued it must be unless the more dangerous course of proceeding without information should be adopted. The difficulty is that a considerable part of the work of the County Council is work requiring an immense amount of local information, and this cannot usually be had by a few men

without each of them makes a special effort to get it, while men in the immediate locality gather the information without effort. It is a part of their every day life. This point is not of as great importance as it was in the time of the District Councils because the territory proposed to be under the County Council now is smaller than that which was under the old District Council. The importance is still further lessened because Township Councils take charge of a large amount of the necessarily localized municipal work.

Again, it occurs to one that the new course will tend to bring into municipal life both in Township and County Councils, a weaker and possibly a bad class of men. There is a danger of bringing into the County Council the professional politician. Hitherto men have been elected by a constituency each voter of which knew personally the man for whom he voted. With enlarged constituencies, men will perforce assume the roll of "candidate." The legitimate rewards for his trouble will be inadequate, and there will be a temptation towards reimbursement by questionable methods. Moreover, there was an advantage in having a man who has sat in the County Council come in immediate contact with every voter. Even under the present system, there is not too strong a desire on the part of desirable men to enter Township Councils. If what is at present the principal inducement, namely, the opportunity of sooner or later sitting in the County Council, is taken away, it is feared by many that the result would be very disastrous in lowering the class of representatives in both Township and County Councils. From expressions of opinion gathered from many County Councillors, it is difficult to say whether any desirable men will be willing to contest an election for a seat in the County Council if it is cut off from the Township Council. He will be obliged to put himself in contact with a much

larger constituency than he has at present to do, and his expenses will be necessarily increased while his remuneration will be confined to County Council indemnity only. Is there not a danger of it becoming necessary to pay the smaller number almost as large a sum in the aggregate as was formerly paid the larger number?

Following this line many things occur to one and it is very difficult to say what results all the ramifications may produce. Another matter which strikes one as being of very great importance is the educative value of County Councils. Their powers in this direction are felt in several ways. The men engaged in carrying out the work of the Township Councils in each of the townships in a county, meet at County Council under the present system, and discuss not only in the council chamber, but casually, the various methods for performing township services employed by the respective members in their several townships. The result is that the joint experience of all the townships in a county is brought to bear on the problem of improving township administration and is kept constantly bearing upon that problem. Under the proposed system this will undoubtedly be lost. Besides this the more accurate and enlightened methods of doing business which prevail in the County Councils as compared with those employed in some of the townships is now carried home and gradually improves the conduct of business in the several Township Councils. This advantage will also be lost.

We pay, and think we are justified in paying, large sums of money every year for the education of our citizens in various schools and academies. The only principle by which this is justified is that safety to the state in democratic countries rests upon the enlightenment of the citizens of that state. Knowledge is power. Their political education is of first importance. It is the opinion of many per-

sons well qualified to judge that the money spent in paying County Councillors for attending the County Council for a week three times a year is well spent money, merely for the education it disseminates. One might venture the opinion that if for the sake of argument it was admitted that the business of the County Council could be as well and safely done by one man as it is by the whole body of the County Council, yet, even then, good value would be received for the money paid the County Councillors because of the training and improvement in their political education which is obtained through the discussion of the Council Chamber and the association of the members during the session. There is no doubt that during this time a good many schemes are hatched and propagated relative to Dominion and Provincial Politics. This is perhaps rather desirable than otherwise.

Neither our Dominion nor our Provincial Parliament will be any the worse for the somewhat organized watching bestowed upon them by the leading spirits from the townships of each county. The fashion has recently grown up with our County Councils of passing resolutions calling upon Parliament to effect certain pieces of legislation. And more recently still an effort has been made to unite the various County Councils in urging desired legislation upon Parliament. It may possibly be a little irksome at times, but chastening is never joyous for the present but rather grievous. All political action under our system of Government must be born of organization. County Councils in Ontario are powerful assistants to organization. Lack of wise and well directed organization is what makes sin so comfortable and profitable a thing with our Parliaments. One would think it entirely unwise to take any step which would result in a weakening of the mutual confidence of the people of a country by disassociating a large number of the leading spirits

in each neighborhood who are now sent to County Council largely because they are confided in by their neighbors. If this mutual political confidence can be enlarged through the association of these leaders so as to become the confidence of counties instead of the confidence of neighborhoods it were no bad thing, and is possibly worth more to the community than the *per diem* saving to be affected by the new Bill.

It has been said that the cost of County Councils as compared with the controllable expenditure under their supervision is unreasonably large.

Adopting this principle and applying it to other public bodies one gets strange results. Suppose for example that one deducts from the annual expenditure of the Province all the amounts paid for fixed services, and other expenditures which must be made annually and over the amount of which the Government of the day has practically no control. Then strike a proportion between the balance thus obtained and the annual cost of the House. Lay the result of this operation along side the result obtained by comparing the uncontrollable expenditure of an average county with the cost of its County Councils and the county will not appear to a disadvantage. It is not meant to insinuate that the cost of the Provincial Parliament is unreasonably large, but rather to suggest that the test which has been made to do duty against the County Councils is not safe in principle. In truth a political body might be of first rate importance and not expend a dollar. The County Council has large and varied spheres of usefulness outside the mere spending of money.

It was urged by leading members of the Ontario House that County Councillors would never advise the abolition of their own office and that opposition to the Bill must be expected from them. Some little knowledge of the men who occupy seats in the House as well as of those who sit in County Councils leads to the observation that

a great number of the men who are elected to the County Councils have in all human probability the good of their respective counties just as closely at heart as the gentlemen who urge this doctrine—indeed it is doubtful if the members of the local Parliament have a monopoly of the strong desire for the welfare of the province itself.

It would not be fair to criticize the minor provisions of the Bill. If the principle involved is a wise one the Bill will grow into harmony by amendment.

While not in any sense seeking to condemn the step taken by the House in this matter one might be permitted to express the opinion that it would be well to hold the Bill in abeyance for a time. All of the County Councils in their June Session shall have had an opportunity to express opinions

upon it. It is thought that amendments worth incorporating in the Bill will be suggested in some of the County Councils, and it would be a mistake to create, in introducing the Bill, any friction that can be avoided, as at the best the Bill is creating no small dissatisfaction. Speaking as a student of municipal Councils and approaching the subject from a purely academic standpoint, it must be admitted that although the financial argument—if it really be founded in fact—is a powerful one and may outweigh all other considerations, yet a thoughtful examination of the multifarious influences and forces engendered by the County Council with their result upon our political life has thrown most serious doubt on that view.

THE ADVENT OF JUNE.

JUNE stands at the portals of morn,
And cries "O! pray open to me!"
But Time, with the key in his hand,
Looks dreamily over the sea;
And answers, "Have patience, my child,
The gate soon shall open to thee."

All nature stands wonderingly, near,
For June is most heavenly fair,
With the smile of the stars on her face,
And the moonbeams a-twine in her hair.
See the gleam in her violet eyes!
Ah! laughter delights to dwell there.

She seems but a beautiful wraith,
In fleecy clouds daintily drest;
Pink roses caress her white brow;
Red roses she wears at her breast;
And a rose-shower falls at her feet,
For that is their haven of rest.

Gay melodies, thrilling and sweet,
From her scarlet lips tremblingly start,
As Time turns the key in the lock,
And flings the vast portals apart.
Ah! June, through the gateway, has flown,
And clasp'd the warm world to her heart.

LIZZIE E. DYAS.

"A KITCHEN AFFAIR."

BY VALANCE BERRYMAN.

IT was only "A Kitchen Affair," as Miss Van Horton said, with a laugh, one day when her *fiancé*, the Hon. Arthur Pennington, drew her attention to the big fellow who leaned over a side-gate of the Van Horton mansion, talking earnestly to a pretty, tired-looking housemaid. Yes, she could laugh, shrug her shoulders, and think no more of the scene, but to those two leaning on the gate things seemed almost tragic.

Sandy McTavish had been "coortin'" his old playmate, Jeanie McGregor, for two years now, and yet seemed no nearer being able to make a home for her than ever. It was not that he was lazy. He worked hard when he could get anything to do: nor yet that he drank, for, as he truthfully said, "Not a wee drap had he tasted for twa years an mair." No, it was simply that he was unfortunate. Just as he seemed to be getting on something disastrous would happen. Once a factory in which he was working took fire, and in jumping from a second story window, he broke a leg. When discharged from the hospital he got a position as driver of an omnibus, but had not held that post long before he was kicked by a horse, with the result that one arm was in a sling for a month. As if this were not enough, his chapter of accidents was completed by a heavy packing case falling on and crushing one foot while he was acting as porter. After each fresh mishap, Jeanie would cry over her poor mutilated lover, and sympathize with him in a way which was truly sincere and comforting, even if the voice were not so well modulated, nor the touch so delicate, as that of her dainty mistress. When Sandy came limping to see his true little lassie,

after his last misfortune, she put her small red hands on his broad shoulders and said, with a little laugh that was half a sob, "It's no yoursel', Sandy, that should 'a been a big mon. Ye've ower muckle room for breakages." Then she looked at his tall, strong figure with anxious eyes, as if alarmed to see so much territory which had, in the natural course of things, yet to come to grief.

Sandy and she were all the world to each other, for neither had any near relative living. They had lived side by side in a little Scotch town all their lives till the time when Jeanie's mother followed her father to the little "kirkyard;" then Jeanie had come to London with Mrs. Van Horton who, while spending a few days in the quaint little town, took a fancy to "McGregor's lassie," as the townsfolk called her, and when she heard the girl was left alone, and was anxious to obtain some work, offered her a place in her household, and Jeanie, seeing nothing else before her, reluctantly accepted and, with a heavy heart and eyes swollen with much weeping, left her native village with its quiet life, sleepy little business street, where no business was ever done greater than supplying the very frugal wants of the villagers, and its little green kirkyard, which held for her such sad memories, and presently took up a busy life in the great city. Here she was followed in a few months by Sandy—Sandy the unfortunate—her staunch protector who had never failed her. Sometimes Jeanie would be sad, and say to Sandy how she longed for some near relation—a father or a mother; then her sweetheart devised a little scheme to supply the deficiency. He said as he

was so big, he would divide himself and be her father too. "It's no a great mind I hae, Jeanie," he said one day, but what there is 'll be a father to ye. He'll be an awfu' sma' mon I'm thinkin', but he'll be canny. Then ma' heart 'll be me, ye ken lassie; so when I talk to ye wi' great prudence that 'll be ye'r father an' when I talk wi' great affection, why that 'll be just Sandy." He was a fanciful fellow, this great lumbering Scotchman.

But now Sandy was talking of going away across the big sea to America, and Jeanie's heart was nigh to breaking as she and her lover left their post at the gate (when Miss Van Horton entered the house) and went slowly into the kitchen. But she kept up a brave front, for it was she who had suggested it, and she knew it would be for Sandy's good. A man for whom he had once worked was going, and offered to get him employment in the new country. At first Sandy pretended to think Jeanie wanted to get rid of him, and upbraided her bitterly, but when he saw the look of pain on her honest, careworn face he repented immediately, and listened to the arguments she had rehearsed over and over to herself while doing her work, and which nearly choked her now in the utterance. And when Sandy was about to cry out that it was impossible, she stopped him gently by laying her hand on his arm, and, looking up in his face, said:

"Ye need na think o' the money part o't, laddie. I've a nice little bit o' siller laid by, an it's a' your's, as ye ken right weel, for I ha' no use for it mase'; so tak' it a' Sandy, and there's oceans o' love tied up wi't."

So saying, she thrust a small bag into his rough hand, and tried bravely to smile at him. With a quick choking sound he turned aside and put the bag on the table, while his eyes filled with hot tears. Long, long they sat discussing the fateful step, and still Jeanie urged, and still Sandy held back, but at length she won from him

a promise that he would go. She made him take the bag with all her little savings, and smiled as she gave it to him, telling him how happy she would be, thinking of him in the new country where he was sure to become a great man; and when he was gone she buried her head in her work-worn hands, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Sandy! Sandy! I didna think ye'd be sae easy persuaded to leave me." Which shows the inconsistency of woman, who uses all her strength of will to obtain some end, and weeps when it is granted her.

So Sandy went off to the wonderful land across the seas, and left Jeanie to her work, her great love, and her loneliness. She heard from him occasionally; he was not a great letter writer, and sometimes she couldn't quite make out all he had written for he had had more education than she, and was not so careful about forming all his letters. But she knew they were kind letters, though not very demonstrative, and gathered from them that her lover's former ill luck had not pursued him to his new home, for he spoke of a "flourishing business," and in one epistle about three years after he had left England, said something about having a house built for himself. Poor Jeanie's thin cheek flushed as she read that, and a fond look came in her, tired eyes as she conned it over and over with a smile, and said to herself: "He'll be sendin' for me in a wee while now, and to think o' Sandy an' me livin' in oor ain hoose like the gran' folk." She treasured that letter more carefully than any of its predecessors, and stole a moment sometimes in the midst of her work to take a look at it.

She had all the more need to treasure it because no other came. One weary month passed after another, still no word from Sandy; the months drifted into years but no letter came though Jeanie had written three times

anxiously asking after his welfare—and it was no light task for Jeanie to write a letter. First she spread a large newspaper so as not to get stains on the kitchen table. Then she spread herself out with both arms on the table and held her ruled paper tightly with one hand while with the other she slowly traced the words in laborious round-hand, copying her letter from one she had previously scrawled in lead pencil.

When, at length, three years had passed and still no word from Sandy, Jeanie made a great resolve and straightway carried it out. She made up her mind to go to America and look for him. She knew his address and had plenty of money, for she had been well paid in service, and spent scarcely anything. So one day, in spite of advice to the contrary from her mistress, she sailed for "Sandy's country," as she always called it. When she reached New York she was utterly bewildered, being often pushed about and laughed at, for her quaint old-fashioned appearance and broad Scotch accent attracted a good deal of attention.

A man who had been on board the boat kindly showed her the way to a quiet hotel where she could rest for the night till she could get a train for "Sandy's Town," which was but a short distance from New York. The hotel clerk thinking to have a little fun at the expense of this demure little woman in her Puritan garments, first looked round with a grin and a wink at the few men lounging near the counter, then addressed poor Jeanie in a tone of mock deference:—

"I am extremely sorry, madam, but our best suite of rooms is at present occupied. However we have another on the third floor which, perhaps, you would not mind putting up with. Your maid, I suppose, will require a room next yours." And he again winked facetiously at his listeners.

During this speech Jeanie looked at the smiling clerk with frightened eyes,

and when he finished, said, with a little tremble in her voice "I dinna ken a' ye'r fine words, ma good sir, an, its no maid I want nor sweets either—its just Sandy; but I'll thank ye kindly to give me a wee bit room to rest masel' for I must be going on farther the morrow."

And she turned aside, and hastily brushed one hand across her patient eyes. There was something in the pathetic little gesture, and the tired sigh accompanying it, which made the clerk's face grow suddenly grave, as he dropped his bantering tone and spoke gently and courteously; while the other men, looking rather sheepish, stared hard out of the big window in silence.

Next afternoon saw Jeanie at the depot in "Sandy's Town," which was quite a thriving place. Two or three times she ventured to ask some official if he could tell her where to find "Sandy," but they were all busy; some merely laughed, but most of them passed on paying no attention. One said, "There are about ten Sandies in this town, my good woman, you must be more explicit." But as she didn't answer immediately, he, too, went on, leaving her with a puzzled look on her face.

"Ten Sandies!" That was a strange idea. To her there had just been one, and one only, in the world, and she had been sure she would just have to ask for that name and they would take her to him directly. But now she must ask for "Sandy McTavish." She must remember that. But none of the people looked friendly and all seemed to be in a hurry, so, leaving the station, she walked aimlessly up the main street, till, seeing a great crowd in a large square before her, she ventured to ask a man what was going on. Upon hearing it was a big meeting and the mayor was to make a speech, she determined to go and watch for Sandy in the crowd for he had always been fond of "speakin'."

But though she wandered round and

round the outskirts, she never caught a glimpse of any one the least bit like Sandy; so she stood still and let the people pass her, and, by and by, as the crowd kept shifting, she found herself just in front of a raised platform where the mayor was giving a very eloquent address. She didn't care for the mayor, however, it was Sandy she wanted. But once a word pronounced with a distinctly Scotch accent startled her, and she looked up at the speaker's face.

Then suddenly stretching up two thin arms cried: "O! Sandy, Sandy! I've found ye at last."

The mayor broke off abruptly in his carefully prepared speech, and stared at the woman before him with a look of horror.

"Sandy! Its ye'r Jeanie. O, laddie, laddie! Don't look at me like that—speak to me Sandy."

The mayor turned to an officious policeman who came forward at this moment and said in cold, slow tones, "I think the poor thing is insane, you had better take her in charge. Just keep her at the police station and I will see her presently, as she evidently fancies she knows me."

Then, taking up the thread of his speech he continued as if nothing had happened, while Jeanie went off quite quietly with the officer of the law, only stopping once to shiver and put a trembling hand to her head as if in pain.

When Mayor McTavish drove up to the police station three hours later, he found Jeanie in a high fever and a doctor in attendance. He told the officials that he had discovered the woman to be an old servant of his family, and her devotion had touched him so that he wished to have her moved to his own house. So the doctor, who gave little hope of her recovery, undertook to transfer his patient to the mayor's handsome residence, where the unconscious Jeanie was placed in a neat little room at the

back of the house which had formerly been occupied by one of the servants. When the mayor's fashionable wife expressed surprise at having a strange woman brought to their house, her husband repeated his former explanation. Jeanie lingered in the little back room for some days, conscious at times but nearly always wandering a little.

One afternoon Sandy sat beside her, and as she laid her thin hand on his, she said brokenly "Is this the hoose, Sandy, lad? Ah, but its a gran' room here." After this she lay quiet for a long time, and Sandy, thinking she slept, said half aloud, "I can never tell my wife."

Jeanie's eyes opened slowly and a faint, pleased smile crossed her lips as she whispered the one word of the sentence which had caught her dull ear, wife. Ay, his wife—Sandy's wife. Then seeming to gain a little strength for a moment, she roused herself and said. "Your wee wife, Sandy. Ay, that was—your heart that time—it was just Sandy—said that—that other day—it was father—sae prudent. But laddie I always knew—ye'd be true—and now—what was it ye ca'd me?—wife. Ay, Sandy—I—"

Twenty minutes later the mayor's wife dressed for driving, came to seek her husband. When she reached the door of the little back room, she saw the cold dignified mayor kneeling on the floor; his head was buried and one hand clasped a still, cold, white one lying on the counterpane.

"Upon my word," exclaimed his wife, irritably, "this devotion to family servants goes rather too far; I have been waiting—"

But her husband lifted a face so haggard and worn, that she was positively frightened.

"What is it?" she asked, in an awe-struck voice.

"She was a saint," said her husband, quietly.

THE COLONIES AND THE NAVY.

BY A. H. LORING, HON. SEC. IMPERIAL FEDERATION (DEFENCE) LEAGUE,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

"Either means must be found for including the great self-governing Colonies containing 11,000,000 of our own race, in the system by which the Navy is provided and administered, or they must be fairly warned that this cannot be done, and that they must see to their own safety."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE, takes as his text the sentence quoted above, which he attributes to me and upon the strength of which he proceeds to deliver a somewhat violent and personal attack upon the advocates of Imperial Federation for Defence in general and upon myself in particular.

I have referred to the *Times* of August 15th last, as quoted by Sir Charles Tupper, and I find that no letter of mine appeared in that issue; I have also carefully read the prolonged correspondence in the *Times* upon this subject, in which I took part last autumn, without being able to find the sentence to which he refers, nor do I know from whence it comes.

However, it seems to me to be very good sense and to express very clearly the necessity for some understanding as to how the defence of the Empire is to be provided in future, and I gladly adopt the words. It is quite possible that I may have used them somewhere else. At any rate they give me an opportunity of addressing Canadian readers upon a subject to which I have devoted a great deal of attention and with the urgency of which I am strongly impressed; they also enable me to reply to some of the remarkable statements which Sir Charles Tupper has added to his criticism.

Having thus become the adoptive author of this sentence I might claim as a tribute to the forcible character of my arguments the fact that Sir Charles Tupper, while quoting so microscopic a quantity of my own text, thought it necessary to reproduce more than three pages of the observations of my critics; but the fact that the sentence quoted was not before the writers of these criticisms and had nothing to do with their remarks, somewhat detracts from the value of the tribute, as it does also from the effect which Sir Charles Tupper designed to produce by their publication.

In assuming responsibility for the sentence, however, I do not also accept the translation which Sir Charles Tupper has thought fit to put upon it. The words are simple and perfectly unambiguous but they do not offer the point of attack which Sir Charles Tupper desired; he has therefore given them a translation more convenient for his purpose but which has the disadvantage of being inapplicable to the original. In the succeeding lines he refers to my words as "a solemn warning to the colonies that they must pay or go" and proceeds to heap scorn upon the warning and its author regardless of the fact that the words are his own and not mine.

The original sentence appears to me merely to express an obvious truth with regard to the provision of Imperial Defence. The Empire has to be defended somehow. Either we must combine to defend the Empire or we must each defend our bit of the Empire separately. If, after discussion of the subject, combination is found to be impossible, it would be an obvious step to announce the fact in order that

each country should be prepared to see to its own safety. Nothing could be more dangerous than a mutual reliance upon one another's efforts without an understanding as to what those efforts are to be; each country supposing that the other is making preparations and that therefore preparation on its part is unnecessary.

There is nothing in this about "paying or going." On the contrary if the suggested combination can be arranged, nothing will be more effectual in preventing any possibility of "going;" while as to the "paying;" defence has to be paid for in any case and there will be much more to be paid by all concerned, if it is provided separately, than if this can be done collectively.

I have no fear that my words, if read as they are written, will be mistaken for a suggestion that the Empire should be broken up. So long as it appears possible to effect a consolidation of the Empire upon fair and equitable terms so long shall I, and those who are acting with me, continue to advocate the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and to suggest the means by which that unity may be made permanent. When it is made clear that such a consolidation is impossible, that the members of the Empire do not desire to combine for the protection of common interests or cannot bring themselves to make the sacrifice necessary to obtain the benefits of such a combination, then it will become necessary for each member to regard its own interests and its own safety.

It is, however, both idle and dangerous to affect to ignore the possibility of such a conclusion to the efforts which have been made by a long series of statesmen and private individuals to bring about what has become known as Imperial Federation. Indeed, a proper appreciation of the possibility of such a failure and its consequences will greatly help the efforts which are being made to arrive at a conclusion upon the point.

Let us suppose for instance that it becomes an accepted fact, as Sir Charles Tupper would have us believe, that combination for mutual defence, between the countries of the Empire, is impossible; either Canada must set up a Navy on her own account, or she must be content to rely upon the good will, and to take her chance of the ability of the United Kingdom to defend her when in trouble. Of the good will there is, happily, just now an abundance, but the ability is, owing to the increasing armaments and hostility of other nations, and the growing prosperity of Canada, a diminishing quantity.

The friendship between the people of the two countries is undoubted; but although good will and friendship are excellent things they will not stand an unlimited strain. I suppose that even the proverbial hospitality of Canadians has its limits and that though a friend would, as a matter of course, be welcomed in a Canadian home for a week or a month, he would be expected if he stayed for a year to make some suggestion as to the household expenses.

In the case of the British Empire, the self-governing colonies have long enjoyed what is practically an honorary membership of the Empire,—in fact, ever since they acquired their self-government, before that they were British possessions. Can this condition be reasonably prolonged? Apart from the consideration of whether it is dignified, whether it is consistent with the self respect of five million people who take a pride in their self reliance and their independence,—is it safe to trust forever to the good will of the United Kingdom for the protection of Canada, her vast mercantile marine and her world-wide interests?

It is not, in so many words, asserted by Sir Charles Tupper that the people of Canada look to the tax-payers of the United Kingdom to pay the bill for their maritime protection. While he hotly attacks the proposal for a com-

bination, he neither says that Canada will see to her own safety nor does he assert that Canadians propose to rely upon England's expenditure for their security. Nevertheless, much of what he says, his reference to an ancient despatch, and his very objection to the raising of the question, suggest that the policy which he would recommend to his countrymen is a passive one, relying upon the hope that no occasion for defence will arise, or that if it does, the responsibility for any damage which Canada may suffer may be put upon the United Kingdom.

I would seriously invite Canadians to consider what reason can be found in support of the large and, to them, vital assumption that the people of the United Kingdom will undertake this tremendous responsibility, or that, continuing to incur the vast annual expense of maintaining the Navy, they will, when the time arrives for its use, forego its services in favour of Canada.

The justification for such a belief is not to be found in after-dinner speeches loaded with friendly sentiments for the Colonies. The speakers of these pleasant phrases will not be the men who will determine where and how the fleet is to be used when their country is in danger.

There must be some far more solid consideration to support such a belief. Is there any such? Can any of your readers point to any benefit which Canada confers upon the United Kingdom which could either justify the claim upon it for such a sacrifice or make it in the least probable that such a claim would be listened to for a moment?

Canada does nothing for England to-day which she does not do for any other country. Any privileges which Englishmen once enjoyed in the Dominion have long been withdrawn and it is an absolute fact that at the present moment an Englishman going to Canada or sending his money or his goods there, finds himself in the same

position as a Frenchman, a German or an Icelandier.

I venture to say that there is no consideration for the protection which is being relied upon from the United Kingdom. A bargain without consideration is void in law; and in this case where the bargain is, at best, only assumed and the consideration is absent, the result is likely to be equally disappointing.

I would invite Canadians to verify these statements for themselves and then to ask themselves what would be their attitude if called upon, in the stress of war with first-class Powers, to send their Navy (if they had one) to the assistance of five million people who had not prepared themselves against attack on the ground that they relied upon Canada to fulfil that duty. I venture to think that the words "Canada first" will occur very naturally to their minds.

What reason is there to suppose that the people of the United Kingdom are differently constituted?

This is a question which, sooner or later, will have to be considered by Canadians and, if it be not dealt with now, when we are at peace and there is time for ample discussion and reasonable adjustment upon a secure basis, it will come up for settlement upon the spur of the moment, in an hour of deadly necessity when the nation is in the throes of a struggle for its life, when men are forced by a sense of danger to think of themselves first and when good will is at discount.

The Wise Virgins were doubtless on excellent terms with their less provident companions, nevertheless they needed all their oil when the bridegroom came.

Sir Charles Tupper has endeavored to produce the impression that I have gone out of my way to insult the colonies in what I have written upon this subject, no doubt with the desire to influence your readers against the views which I have put forward. He speaks of "this insulting tone," "hold-

ing the great colonies up to obloquy," "sneering at what Canada has done," and so forth. I am glad to think that those Canadians who know me will not give credit to this presentation of my character or of my attitude towards the colonies, while I have the happy consciousness that a reference either to the publications of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee or to my own writings upon this subject will disclose neither insult nor sneer. What has been done by the Committee is to publish the facts concerning the maritime defence of the Empire and its maintenance; facts which are as important to Canada as to any other part of the Empire.

In another part of this article, it is claimed that "Canada is as much a portion of the British Empire as any part of the United Kingdom." There can be no doubt that she is so, geographically; but while every part of the United Kingdom shares in the maintenance of the Navy which protects the Empire, Canada does not do so. Sir Charles Tupper makes this claim with some degree of emphasis and pride, and it is difficult to imagine why he should vehemently oppose a suggestion so directly calculated to justify his claim, as that under consideration. Again, he protests of Canada, "that she will always be found ready to discharge her duty to the utmost extent of her ability." But no one has ventured to deny this; on the contrary, it is assumed that she will do so. What is desired is that the opportunity shall be afforded. Yet, when a suggestion is made that the colonies shall be invited to take a share in the maritime defence of the Empire, Sir Charles Tupper condemns it as "a mischievous and insidious proposal."

He does not believe it possible to give the colonies a share in the Navy and challenges me to show how it is to be accomplished. It may of course prove to be impossible, but the impossibility cannot be shown without con-

sideration and discussion, and it is to this that Sir Charles Tupper has, apparently, such an objection. As to how it may be accomplished, I refer him to the Report of the Special Committee of the Imperial Federation League, signed by himself in 1892, in which combination for maritime defence is not only treated as possible, but is recommended as a basis for the Federation of the Empire.*

Sir Charles Tupper does not actually say that Canada is now doing her full share of the defence of the Empire, but he makes a number of statements as to what is done by Canada, apparently with the object of producing that impression. It would be tedious to go through these and to show their many fallacies, the special pleading, and their want of relation to the point at issue, the maintenance of the Navy; but I may quote as instances the following:

"To-day not a British soldier is to be found in the country except a *small force* at Halifax, maintained for strategic purposes and not used in connection with any Canadian necessity, and a *force* of marines at the important strategic harbor of Esquimaux maintained at the sole expense of Canada."

"The 'small force' at Halifax consists of a Major-General and 1,500 men—three times the strength of the Canadian standing army—maintained at an annual cost of £125,000 to the British tax-payer. The 'force' maintained at Esquimaux 'at the sole expense of Canada, consists of 75 officers and men!'"

No one knows better than Sir Charles Tupper that whenever it has been proposed to remove the troops from Halifax, the strongest representations have been made by the Canadian Government to secure their retention. The mere rumour of an intention to remove them a few years ago was sufficient to evoke loud pro-

* Copies of this Report will be forwarded on application to A. H. Loring, 25 Old Queen St., Westminster, England.

tests from the Canadian press. Yet he can say that they "are not used in connection with the Canadian necessity."

Again he refers to Canada's "annual expenditure of nearly twelve million dollars per annum for services vital to the defence of the Empire."

Three years ago Sir Charles Tupper made a similar statement in England and gave the particulars. Eight million five hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars of this sum appeared as interest upon a sum of two hundred and thirteen million dollars expended in various ways for the development of Canada, as follows:—"An Inter-oceanic railway, canals, deepening of St. Lawrence, graving docks, and Northwest lands, Indians (20 years), Northwest Rebellion, and British Columbia fortification." The balance of three million dollars was made up of annual expenditure upon militia, mounted police, British Columbia garrison, eight steamers coast service (fishery police boats), subsidy to Pacific steamship service to China and to Australia, subsidy pledged to Atlantic service (but not even now paid).

It will be seen that the whole of this sum is expended in and for Canada, a very small portion has anything to do with defence at all, and absolutely none of it goes to the general defence of the Empire. Without the inclusion of the large sum of interest upon money spent upon public works in Canada, the amount would be insignificant. Yet Sir Charles Tupper speaks of the entire sum as expended upon "services vital to the defence of the Empire."

One more instance. Much stress is laid upon the subsidies which Canada pays, and has conditionally undertaken to pay to steamship lines for "fast mail steamers built under Admiralty supervision and prepared to take on armament and to be available for Her Majesty's service as 'Royal Naval Reserve cruisers,' whenever required by the the British Government." But

the fact is that the subsidy paid by Canada does not provide for this part of their duties; it secures the services of these steamers for the mercantile and remunerative part of their functions only; whereas it is the subsidy paid by the British tax-payer which retains the services of steamers for war purposes and provides for their special construction.

Many more instances of this extraordinary looseness of statement might be quoted from the article, but enough has been said to show to what shifts the writer has been put in the endeavor to give some color to his case.

In conclusion, I submit:

(1) That there can be no doubt whatever that Canada at present contributes nothing to the maintenance of the navy.

(2) That Canada is largely dependent upon the navy for defence, having extensive coast lines upon two oceans and a mercantile marine which is the fifth in the world.

(3) That there can be no binding obligation upon the people of the United Kingdom to be responsible for the safety of Canada, and the protection of her interests; and there is no benefit derived by the United Kingdom from Canada which could justify any claim upon the former in this respect.

(4) That the necessity to Canada of making some arrangement by which maritime defence can be secured to her may at any moment become imminent.

(5) That a combination for maritime defence between England and Canada would be both economical and effective.

(6) That it would afford a permanent and an increasing bond of union between the two countries.

(7) That, for these reasons, Canadians should insist upon the possibility of such a combination being taken into consideration by the Dominion Government at an early date.

(8) That the history of the relations

between Canada and the United Kingdom during the past thirty years does not admit of any doubt that the Dominion would meet with the most liberal treatment under such circumstances.

A SUMMER STORM.

THE sun was shining through bars of gold,
 And it gleamed where the waves of the river rolled
 With a gentle and tremulous motion ;
 But it disappeared with a swift eclipse,
 And I saw the sails of the distant ships
 Grow dark on the heaving ocean.

The gathering clouds soon hid the stars,
 And the lightning flashed in jagged bars,
 Till I stood in amaze and wonder,
 To see the fantastic freaks it played
 Through the rolling mass of clouds o'erhead
 That shook with the jarring thunder.

Then the rain came down with a sudden dash,
 And, seen through lessening lightning's flash,
 The reeds and the trees were bending ;
 And I heard the roar on the summer leaves,
 Till the raindrops poured from their tiny eaves,
 In a thousand streams descending.

But soon, when the broken clouds had gone,
 Through the rain-washed leaves the moonlight shone
 And glanced on the foam-flecked river ;
 The grass and the trees wore a brighter green,
 And naught of the recent storm was seen
 But the far-off lightning's quiver.

G. M. STANDING.

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THE CANADIAN HISTORICAL EXHIBITION, 1897.

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.P.P.

IN the course of a very able report which the City Treasurer lately presented to the Mayor and the newly constituted Board of Control of Toronto, occurs a reference to a project of more than usual interest, not merely from a civic but from a wider point of view.

It very justly foreshadows that if proper advantage is taken of the opportunities, the coming year 1897 may be made a great year, attended by temporary and perhaps permanent advantages. I quote Mr. Cody's words as to next year's events in Canada.

He says: "In addition to the enlargement of the Industrial Exhibition into a Dominion Exhibition, which has been announced, and the meeting of the British Association, energetic steps have been taken by the Committee of the Canadian Institute and the Universities to prepare for the holding of a general Canadian Historical Exhibition, and otherwise to celebrate and commemorate that year, as the anniversary of the discovery of Canada in June, 1497. The programme of the Canadian Historical Exhibition Committee has appeared in the press from time to time, and was pretty fully reported on at a recent public meeting of the Committee on the 16th of April.

"Perhaps one of the most important consequences of the success of the efforts of this Committee will be the inducing of the Duke and Duchess of York to visit Toronto in connection with the proposed commemoration.

"It also seems probable that it needs the special inducement, or reason, of the holding of a national celebration, and a special exhibition of a high and commemorative character, such as the committee proposes, to ensure the desired visit from a Prince so near the

throne, and so full of important engagements as the Duke of York must be.

"The Historical Exhibition will be entirely distinct in character from the Industrial, and, from the programme presented by the committee, is one that is likely to attract an entirely different class of visitors, both from Europe and the cities of the United States."

It is surely a great honor that so comparatively young a city should be selected, by general agreement of those who have interested themselves in the subject, in all parts of the Dominion, to become the scene of the chief demonstration in honour of a man and an event interesting to students of history in every part of this New World.

The Canadian Historical Exhibition movement ought not to be a strange subject to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The duty of Canadians to commemorate in some manner the first discovery on what is now Canadian soil, had been urged by the Royal Society of Canada. The first small seed of a definite project had been sown, as it were, by the wayside, in resolutions at a union meeting of the Ontario Historical Associations, held by the courtesy of the York Pioneers in the log cabin, erected by the latter body on the site of old Fort Rouille, now included in the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Grounds.

The next step towards the successful inception of the project was an article which appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE of January, 1895, entitled "The Fourth Century of Canadian History." The historical reasons for initiating such a celebration in Canada were there fully set forth.

The publication of this article evoked manifestations of interest and approval from many important, and from some unexpected quarters. Prominent among these was a letter received by the author from Mr. De-Léry Macdonald, of Montreal, Secretary of the Antiquarian and Numismatological Society of that city. The Society of which Mr. Macdonald is an ornament, on subsequent occasion, fully and in the most generous manner, ratified his offer of assistance. It is fair to state that the cordial and liberal expression of opinion by this gentleman, from a distant and presumably somewhat rival quarter, had a great deal to do with the resolution to set the project actively on foot.

The Council of the Canadian Institute took a practical step in the matter by appointing a committee, which has formed the nucleus of the existing organization.

This active central committee, which was naturally of a somewhat local character, was from time to time enlarged, so as to contain such members as Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Dr. Sandford Fleming, C. M.G., of Ottawa, Prof. Bryce of Manitoba, and Mr. Gosnell, Parliamentary Librarian of British Columbia, in addition to distinguished professors representing the Canadian Institute and the Toronto Universities. The necessary space was at once promised it in public buildings by the Ontario Government and the Toronto Universities.

Further encouragement was immediately given from a highly important quarter, representative of all Canada. At the suggestion of Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., the matter was made the subject of a paper read by the chairman of the Canadian Institute Committee before the Royal Society of Canada, at its meeting at Ottawa in May, 1895, and a confirmatory resolution was thereupon passed by that learned and representative body. Interviews were soon had, with the assistance of Mr. Macdonald, with the

authorities of the French Universities and Societies in Quebec and Montreal; and one and all, commencing with Abbé Gagnon, the Secretary of the Archevêché, and the Rector of Laval University, gave their countenance and cordial adhesion to the project.

At this stage the Governor-General of Canada graciously acceded to the request of the committee to accept the office of Honorary President. The committee then proceeded to procure a bill providing for the incorporation of a public Commission, authorized by the Legislature of Ontario, and recognized by the Dominion Government, for the purpose of carrying the Exhibition into effect. The Provincial Government and other authorities have provided for the exhibition Commission taking possession of all the accommodation required for its purposes in the Ontario Parliament Buildings and the Universities adjoining it. A financial scheme has been developed with the approval of leading members of the Dominion Government, looking to an issue of a large sum of debentures, based upon the expected receipts of the exhibition. It is proposed to ask the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and the City of Toronto, to guarantee altogether \$75,000, divided in equal sums between them, applying the guarantee to postponed debentures.

Having got so far in its Parliamentary organization and programme, the time has come to lay before the public a sketch of the aims and general programme of the exhibition. It may be stated that the general object of the exhibition is first to duly celebrate the memory of that enterprising discoverer, John Cabot, and to signalize the fact that by his first sighting the continent of North America, under a commission from an English King, the way was opened for the whole subsequent course of discovery by the route of the St. Lawrence: leading to the interior of the continent as far as the

mouth of the Mississippi, to the south and the Rocky Mountains on the west. Cabot's discovery was also the cause of these favoured regions becoming the scene of colonization by two of the great northern nations of Europe, France and England.

In the whole length of Canada, whose existence and whose British nationality may be ascribed to John Cabot, there is not to be found the most insignificant monument erected, to commemorate the fact or to honor his adventurous memory.

Never, indeed, before, did circumstances so favour such a commemoration as is now proposed to be held. One hundred years ago the times were out of joint. The descendants of the original English colonists, that had followed Cabot's track across the ocean to New England, were too much occupied in glorification over their still recent separation from the flag which he had planted, too deep in constitution making and the vexations of a turbulent young nationality, to turn aside to honor the memories of a distant past. At the same moment English speaking Canada was too much occupied in providing new homes in the wilderness for the refugees from the great schism, to indulge in celebrations. It has been reserved, therefore, for 1897, the close of perhaps the most significant century in the world's history, to take up the task which preceding centuries left undone; and it is only fitting that it should have been undertaken by Canada.

The time is, moreover, fitting to make this historical anniversary the occasion of recording, for the observation of the world, the long consecutive history of Canada, and also the position which she has, by quiet, persistent effort, industrial and political, already gained for herself in the brotherhood of the British Empire, if not in the family of nations.

The occasion in this respect is most inspiring, and the committee which initiated the project have every reason

to feel confident that a broad and vigorous response will be forthcoming, both from the large number of literary men who have made history and the sciences a subject of study, and particularly from the young men of Canada, who will rejoice in the opportunity of contributing, in every form in their power, to this first great national demonstration.

To give effect to these aims the work before the Exhibition Committee may be divided into several classes. First among these will naturally be those of a purely historical character. They will tend towards creating a visible object lesson, from which foreigners and also our own people will carry away, as a result of the Exhibition, a distinct and comprehensive idea of the successive periods and courses of events which have led, in what now seems a natural and preordained progression, towards the present existence of Canada, as a people of various origins but united destiny.

There will be sought to be brought together an assemblage of loan collections from all parts of Canada, and it is hoped elsewhere. The logical initiation of the series will be such as will exhibit first the traditions, arts and modes of life of the native tribes, the palimpsest upon which European colonization has written the later histories.

Next will follow an arrangement in a series of rooms, of the portraits, relics and records of the long series of discoverers. First the tradition of the Norsemen. Then their more historic followers; from Cabot, who made known the North American shores, to Jacques Cartier and his successors, down to the intrepid La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi. Cook, Vancouver and Mackenzie will also have their place, as the explorers of the Pacific coast of the continent. These should be followed by the long list of adventurous voyagers in the forbidding regions of the North, including Frobisher, Hudson and Franklin, down

to the latest of their successors of all nations. It is expected that beside the Norseman's undecked shallop and the quaint caravels of Columbus (loaned as there is reason to hope by the authorities of the Field Columbian Exhibition) there may float in the waters of Toronto Bay a reproduction of the little *Matthew*, in which Cabot, commissioned by Henry VII. and equipped by the merchants of Bristol, first ventured the tempestuous waters of the North Atlantic.

Next will be loan collections of portraits and pictures, clothing, weapons, models and works of art, arranged also in rooms or divisions according to periods, which will bring back to life as nearly as possible, before modern eyes, the presences and ways of life of the great personages who directed the political events of four centuries and also those who contributed as advisers and subjects to the gradual development of modern civilization, scientific, religious, industrial and social, of which we inherit the latest fruits.

In a distinct and honored series will appear memorials of the men and measures which have built up the present constitution of Canada: from the great soldiers of France and England who beat the first rude shape with stirring clash of steel, to the latest of the native or adopted Canadian statesmen, to whose genius and persistence Canada owes her glorious liberties, as one of many free nations constituting the British Empire.

Canadian Natural History will also have a place.

An effort will be made to assemble and arrange for inspection in a series, existing collections from all parts of the country, illustrating at one consecutive glance the geology, flora and fauna of the Dominion; showing its varied climes and regions, from the mild Pacific provinces, to those rugged but richly endowed shores that confront the breakers of the Atlantic.

Of congresses and ceremonies it is not necessary to speak at length at

this stage, with one important exception.

As soon as the Commission is constituted, it will be asked to consider steps towards convening an Imperial Constitutional Conference, which is foreshadowed in the Act obtained from the legislature.

The elements of that important and successful Colonial Conference which took place at Ottawa, may be once more reassembled, together with an even broader representation of the historical and constitutional learning and thought of the self governing provinces and colonies of the Empire. The time is ripe for the holding of such a conference, to take advantage of the increased disposition to confirm and develop the unity of the Empire; and the assemblage, while most interesting in itself, may possibly be one that will take its place amongst the great Constitutional congresses of history.

Now as to the method by which all these plans may be set in motion.

It is to be hoped that the local field of Canada may be rapidly and effectively covered by a wide-spread co-operation of individual zeal, so that the committee may be able to announce to foreign Governments that sufficient material is coming forward to form the basis of an important exhibition. With an established nucleus of attraction, we may hope to have it complemented by loan exhibits from foreign countries, which must exist in quantity and value largely surpassing what is obtainable in Canada. England alone, from its National Portrait Gallery, and the treasures of its innumerable country mansions, will prove a mine of vast wealth, for the purposes of this illustrative exhibition of the history of the past four centuries. A section of the committee in London has already been commissioned to initiate efforts in this direction.

Local Exhibits of pictorial and other materials, towards a successful demonstration of Canadian history and

science, may be expected to come primarily from the museums and collections, existing under the auspices of Governments, Universities and Historical Associations throughout the Dominion of Canada. It is hoped by the kindness of these authorities to obtain such catalogues as exist of their collections of all kinds. These the Central Committee will be able to collate deliberately and form an idea of their place in the scheme, as long as possible in advance.

The exhibits will thus ultimately arrive at the appointed moment, already classified, to be put together so as to make each branch consecutive and complete.

Families throughout the Dominion may be the possessors of valuable collections, or of individual books, portraits, clothing, weapons, medals and other objects, descended to them from historic ancestors or by choice or chance fallen into their hands. It is earnestly hoped that every person who has a patriotic desire to contribute to the accomplishment of this exhibition of Canadian history, into whose hands this paper may fall, will give some attention to the subject. He will help the committee by forwarding to the secretary at Toronto a list of any articles which he thinks may be of interest, either in his own possession or which he may know to be obtainable in his neighborhood.

To perfect the research for such materials, and to facilitate the process of selecting and arranging them, it will be necessary for the Committee to possess volunteer local secretaries, in every city and county, throughout the Dominion. The Local Universities and Historical Societies are earnestly relied on to give the benefit of their advice in the selection of these local officers. Individual ladies and gentlemen who have the object at heart, and have a few hours of leisure in the week which they could devote to it, are invited to forward their names to the Secretary.

Amongst the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, probably the best audience to which the plan of operations for the Canadian Historical Exhibition can be addressed, are numbers who have become subscribers from patriotic interest in Canadian literature, and in the expression of independent Canadian opinions apart from the purely literary attraction of the contents of the MAGAZINE. They have faith in Canada, and therefore they have hopes for Canadian literature, and support the media which are necessary for its expression.

To precisely the same motive, the programme of the Canadian Historical Exhibition will appeal. Imagination is the necessary element, entering into everything which is worthy to be called literature. The latent seeds of genius, in every nation, have come to life under the influence of certain circumstances which stimulate. Such an influence is required, to act like sunlight upon the cold clay of a purely industrial community, before it can be covered with the glow and fragrance of a period of intellectual bloom. Not seldom, in the past, the struggle of a war period, the alternating tension and triumph, have been found to produce this effect. Fortunately the human mind can also be made to respond to less cruel agitations. We can conceive no event, of a peaceful character, so likely to evoke the germination of the imaginative element, in this country, as an effective celebration of this fourth century of our history, now planned for the coming year. It will act on many converging lines. A motive in itself will be the awakening it will produce to the fact that Canada has a history, of such length and interest as will be called to mind. Numberless reminders of stirring times and incidents will be presented to notice. Perhaps the most potent of all influences will come from the mere common presence of so many thousands of loyal Canadians, crowding simultaneously from all the Provinces to one point, as a kind of national Mecca,

daily during the period of the Exhibition. Every one will see reflected in others' faces the marks of enthusiasm, the signs of the faith and hope which they themselves cherish. They will witness historical spectacles, and they will join in numerous patriotic demonstrations. They will return to their various homes with a developed instinct of unity, and with a sense of

pride and confidence in the past, present and future of their country, which they never before felt in so high a measure. Hence it is hoped that the Canadian Historical Exhibition of 1897 will be justified in its children, the afterthoughts, labors and deeds of which it may prove the provoking cause.

MY LITTLE CORNSTALK FIDDLE.

LONG years ago a band of boys
 Marched up and down our little street,
 With paper plumes and heedless noise,
 And thought their din was music sweet.
 When horns and drums, resounding toys,
 Marked the quick time for tireless feet ;
 When gilded trumpets gaily played,
 And lost the tune beyond recall,
 My little cornstalk fiddle made
 The clearest, sweetest sound of all.

Since that far day, in other lands,
 My soul has thrilled at music's flow,
 As spake the harp 'neath master hands,
 As quivering viol answered bow ;
 As rose the swell of famed bands,
 Or mighty organ's tremolo.
 Yet when these strains, as loved strains will,
 Return at musing memory's call,
 My little cornstalk fiddle still
 Sounds dearer, sweeter than them all.

S. J. WATTS.

STARS THAT NEVER SHONE.

BY WYNDOM BROWNE.

IT was 9 o'clock p.m. The young ladies of Miss Austin's "very select school" counted the strokes of the clock with their usual petulance and sage remarks regarding the absurdity of the rule that required every light in the establishment to be extinguished within half an hour. The occupants of a prettily furnished room on the third floor were two in number, the girl seated in a rocking-chair was a Southerner. She arose, and going to the toilet-table began loosening the masses of her rich dark hair; her movements were easy and graceful, and her brown eyes gazed very contentedly at the charming reflection in the mirror.

The girl perched on the foot board of the bed was a Yankee of the most vivacious and volatile type; she did not go to the mirror; probably she knew that her small face, with its tipilted nose and wide mouth, would not appear to advantage beside that of her companion; if so, the fact did not seem to trouble her, as she braided her fair hair up for the night, jerking the strands energetically in and out; then she balanced herself with great skill on the uncertain seat while she removed her shoes and stockings; this done, she addressed her companion, who, with a book propped up before her by a pin-cushion, was trying to read and brush her hair.

"I want to talk to you, Maud; what are you reading?"

"Ships that Pass in the Night," answered Maud, laconically, without looking up.

"Oh, you needn't read it, Maud dear; I read it ages ago, and I'll tell you all about it; the hero is not at all like a hero: the heroine is a homely little thing, who ——"

"Please stop, Dale; I want to read it myself. Some parts of it are so pathetic: just listen while I read this page: 'The day had been——'"

Here Dale began a sort of muffled drum solo with her little bare heels on the footboard of the bed, while Maud looked the picture of offended dignity.

"Don't be cross, Maud dear," said the culprit, coaxingly, for I want to tell you my idea. I've been thinking about it ever since we had those charades at Xmas; you know I've always said that I was going to be a—a lawyer, or something or other that requires brains. Well, I've found it now; I'm going on the stage. There, wring your hands and cry, 'What, will these hands ne'er be clean?' With your hair all down around you like that, and that horrified look in your eyes, you'd make the grandest Lady Macbeth that ever was. But Maud, my darling, I'm not a ghost, and it isn't polite to stare like that at any one, unless it is a ghost," and she hid her laughing face in her hands, and peered at Maud through her fingers.

"Your ideas are always getting us into trouble, Dale, but this is the craziest of them all; you couldn't look tragical if you tried, and it is not at all a nice thing to do anyway," said Maud, severely.

"Oh! but Maud, don't you remember that in the last one of Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' books we read, the girl we liked best went on the stage, and I'm sure," here she slipped down from her seat, and mimicked Maud's disdainful gesture, "she would not have her heroine do anything 'that was not at all a nice thing to do anyway.' Crazy indeed!" she continued in tones of lofty scorn, "Why

it's the only miserable idea I ever had. Don't you"—severely—"go around with a copy of Tennyson's poems in your pocket, and don't you"—more severely—"think him a sort of divinity? Well"—triumphantly—"if you were Mary Anderson, Lady Tennyson would have invited you to spend the summer with them at their country-house, and you could have sat at Lord Tennyson's feet and listened to him make up poetry.

Maud was disconcerted, her pedestal of dignity crumbled beneath her. "Mary Anderson is a genius, we can't all be geniuses," she said crossly.

"Do you think I can't be a genius, because I'm not tall?" laughed Dale. "I'm going to be a Napoleon of drama and have a castle in Wales like Patti. Come, sit down you May-pole, and let me braid your hair."

And she pushed Maud into a chair that looked like a bit of tropical wilderness, so freely had its owners lavished ribbon of all shades and widths upon it. Dale wove together the masses that weighed down Maud's shapely little head, but her tongue was more nimble than her fingers, and wove such a web of words, descriptive of the glory and honor of theatrical life, and brought forward such pillars of facts to support it, that it became as gorgeous as a heathen temple where in she presided as priestess, and Maud knelt a humble devotee.

Maud's brain was not of the actively inventive order, but her imagination once aroused she would soar to a height and cling to her hallucination with a tenacity quite unknown to Dale; and so it was that long after the light was extinguished they talked in excited whispers, Maud assisting and abetting Dale in her plans for the morrow.

* * * * *

On the following Saturday morning the two conspirators of the night before, with a small group of fellow students were standing in the wide

hall that ran the length of Miss Austin's establishment, dividing it very fairly in halves. It was quite a gala day, the excursion of the morning had been planned and considered for some time back. Miss Austin herself was to escort the young ladies of the ancient history class to the museum, where they were to spend the morning investigating old MSS., mummies and skeletons.

"Look at Dale, how demure and saintly she looks, and our Lady Languid how nervous and wide-awake; I know them, they are up to some mischief," whispered a tall girl to her plump companion as they filed into the street, the plump girl looked back over her shoulder at Maud and Dale, and sighed dolorously. "I hope it isn't oysters, I meant to try and smuggle in some myself, and I'll want their spirit lamp and sauce pan."

It would be a difficult matter to pilot a band of contrary minded young ladies safely through the troubled waters of a great public thoroughfare, but Miss Austin's young ladies were usually models of obedience on such occasions, therefore, it was with considerable consternation she discovered two of the members of her small band to be missing a few moments after the deserters had disappeared down one of the many branches of the main thoroughfare. Casting anxious backward glances, and speculating on the demolition of their plans by pursuit and capture, they paused before a high arched portico and passing up the broad marble steps and through a door labeled "A——— Hotel, Ladies' Entrance," found themselves in an ante-chamber or waiting room. The light came in softly through stained glass windows, and fell in gold and crimson bars upon the mosaic floor, and even imprinted the image of a very gallant knight on the onyx wainscoting of the stairs.

Maud looked around with a sigh of relief as she said "We always stop here while in the city; now, we want

to find a bell-boy, and tell him to take our cards up to — to —."

"Mr. Pembroke, the great American tragedian," suggested Dale.

"We don't need to say all that," objected Maud. "If we just say, give our cards to Mr. Pembroke, will not that do?"

"Maybe so," assented Dale doubtfully. "But —" here the appearance of a bell-boy ended the colloquy, and they were conducted down a long corridor where many mirrors seemed to take pleasure in reflecting and multiplying the two girlish figures. Dale resented this with a little grimace and a disdainful shrug of her shoulders, which the mirrors very faithfully reflected. The drawing room to which they were shown was an ambitious apartment, rich in tapestry, china and quaint conceits in chairs and tables. But Dale was oblivious to all, save her late foes the mirrors. "More mirrors," she cried fretfully, "I'm sure one doesn't wish to see fifty dozen reflections of one's self."

"There does seem a number," assented Maud with a slight contraction of her delicate brows, "though I never noticed them when here before: if we sit by that small table yonder, they'll not be so annoying."

They were hardly seated when a nervous looking little man, with a very bald head, came hastily into the room.

"Miss Randall," said the little man, glancing at the cards in his hand.

Maud inclined her head with graceful self-possession.

"Miss Winters," said the little man, again glancing at the cards.

Dale bowed rather confusedly.

The little man drew up a chair and sat down, and leaning his arm upon the table gazed inquiringly at the two girls.

"You are Mr. Pembroke," began Dale with very crimson cheeks.

"Yes," answered the little man interrogatively.

"We think —, that is, we want

to ask your advice about going on the stage."

"You want to ask my advice," echoed the little man, wiping his face excitedly with his pocket handkerchief. "Very well then, it is simply, *don't*."

"But," objected Maud in dismayed tones, "we think we would like it very much, that it is quite our proper sphere. I suppose — dolefully — "you mean that none but persons of genius should think of doing so."

"I mean nothing of the sort, what you require is perfect health and indomitable perseverance. I have" continued Mr. Pembroke, gathering his brows into innumerable puckers, half closing his eyes, and protruding his lips, "gained the greatest heights, and received the highest praise obtainable in my profession, but I have no genius, no, not a spark of divine fire, nothing but talent hammered out, well hammered out." As he talked, he continuously opened and shut the hand he was resting on the table, and moved it nervously back and forth across its polished surface, his voice struck a note of self-disappointment as he continued. "Often while the people are applauding, and I go behind the scenes, I say to myself, You have no genius, you are a fraud, you have won them by tricks, tricks, nothing but stage tricks, sir."

He seemed to have forgotten the presence of the two girls, and sat looking gloomily before him. Maud broke the silence that had fallen upon them, speaking timidly. "I think you must have genius or you could not move your audience."

"No, I have magnetism, and can establish a cord of sympathy between my audience and myself. I am of a very nervous, sensitive temperament, so sensitive, that if one of my children speak crossly to me, I cry."

"Cry," echoed Maud, bewildered.

"Yes, break into tears," answered the little man, severely. Now, I have a lovely family and a lovely home;

my eldest daughter, like yourself wished to go on the stage. I said to her, as I say to you, *don't*, but she did not feel satisfied, so I allowed her to try it for a while; she travelled in my company for two months, and now she is glad, very glad, to stay at home, and keep house for her mother and myself while we are away. Now, I have business that awaits my attention, so you will excuse me young ladies, you have my advice, it is *don't*, but if you are not satisfied, try it, by all means try it for yourselves and see." Bidding them good day, he turned, and with a queer, shambling gait left the room. The little man had come and gone so quickly, that Maud was somewhat bewildered, but Dale's impish spirits were not so easily subdued, and her eyes danced mischievously as she quoted.

"Did you ever see a wild goose sailing on an ocean. The wild goose's motion is a very funny notion," and she made a rather unsuccessful attempt to imitate Mr. Pembroke's peculiar mode of locomotion. "Oh Maud, fancy one's father crying, because one was rude to him; he should be gravely kind and stern, but to cry, goodness gracious, one wouldn't know what to do with him; but one sees all sorts of father's. Do you know," pensively, "I don't much mind being an orphan."

"It's horrid of you Dale, to make fun of Mr. Pembroke; and you make me hate you when you talk like that about fathers, it sounds so heathenish," said Maud vehemently, being dimly conscious that her father might not appreciate the lofty character of his daughter's ambition.

"Don't be cross," said Dale, twining a coaxing arm around her, "your father and mother are perfect, I know, but I don't remember mine at all, and that makes a difference, you see."

"The fathers and mothers are always too good for their wicked, disobedient children," said Maud, severely.

"Yes," assented Dale, cheerfully, "I

don't know what mine would ever have done with me."

Maud appeared to be considerably relieved by her late outburst, and as they tripped down the corridor and out into the street her enthusiasm returned in full force.

"We will go and see the English actor if you like, Dale, maybe he'll not talk so fast, and will tell us what people do when they want to go on the stage."

"Yes," said Dale, "he's at the C—house; the newspaper said it was 'a rare treat indeed, when two stars of such magnitude dawned upon the city at the same time,' so I guess fate just intended we should see them both."

A walk of a couple of blocks brought them to their destination. A fat, good-natured automaton in the shape of a bell-boy having conducted them to the parlor, disappeared with their cards. There was an air of quiet and retirement pervading the apartment, which strangely enough the two aspirants for theatrical laurels, seemed to find very re-assuring; they were left for some time in contemplation of this, before a squarely built man with a florid complexion, a courtly presence, and a melodious voice, entered the room and greeted them ceremoniously. Dale with her wind-ruffled hair forming a pale aureola around her face, with her wide blue eyes and her diminutive figure lost in the depth of a capacious crimson velvet chair, was a very childish, irresponsible looking person, indeed, so the English tragedian evidently thought, for upon learning to what their presence there was due, he addressed himself gravely to Maud.

"I do not know, that I am able to advise you on the subject; not being acquainted with your position or circumstances. I believe there are schools of dramatic art in New York; your best course would be to attend one of these. The theatrical profession is greatly over-crowded at present, and engagements hard to obtain even by

people of remarkable ability and experience," here glancing at Dale, he seemed to read in that young lady's ingenuous countenance, active speculation as to why his very black hair was so very white at the roots, and passed his hand over his head with an involuntary gesture of impatience, as he continued:

"Miss Winters is hardly of a good stage height. I have made a study of the voice in the course of my profession, and judge by yours that you would on being exposed to stage draughts suffer severely from tonsillitis; still," he continued not regarding the crestfallen looks of his auditors, "you might in twenty years or so, by hard work and perseverance achieve success; then it will require even greater effort to hold what you have won, for you are depending ever on the caprice of the public who will applaud or hiss in the same breath."

The two girls were somewhat awed by his oratorical mode of conversation, and the lurking bitterness of these last words; there was a momentary silence but neither of them ventured a remark. The English tragedian's attitude was remindful of the gloomy prince of Denmark, as he continued in tones of humble reminiscence:

"Players are without the pale of Christian charity and sympathy; companies through unsuccessful engagements are continually going to pieces on the road, and its members obliged to walk."

"Walk, where do they walk to," cried Dale, in mingled horror and astonishment.

"They can expect no assistance from any but members of their own profession, so they walk on to the next town, where some company is playing, and stand at the stage door—and beg."

Dale recalled to mind all the miserable mendicants she had ever seen, and decided that they were one and all members of a disbanded theatrical troupe, and moved uneasily on her seat

and looked longingly towards the door. The great tragedian seemed to possess a power akin to that of the cuttle-fish, enveloping himself in inky clouds of gloom, none the less real for being invisible, that spread themselves through the room and deadened the ruddy fire-light as he continued:

"Last week, Dorothy Temple, a lady of rare ability and great dramatic talent, who has hitherto been a great favorite with the public for a number of years, was playing in this city, and, through a series of unsuccessful engagements, was unable to meet her expenses at the hotel where she was staying. Despite the fact that she had always stopped at that hotel when here, the proprietor upon hearing the state of her finances seized her baggage, and ordered her to leave at once. Though she fell upon her knees and with tears streaming down her face besought him to allow her to remain until the assistance she was expecting should arrive, he refused in the most abusive language; and when she begged to be allowed to take with her a few necessary articles of clothing he seized her by the shoulder and with brutal violence, ejected her from the house."

Maud turned pale and shivered in her sealskin jacket, as she thought how unutterably different this vagrant existence was from what her fancy pictured it; she remembered, too, that during the week before the shop windows had displayed photographs of a fair-faced, sunny-haired woman, clad in flowing robes under which was written 'Dorothy Temple, as Desdemona,' and felt she had wandered out of her own bright little world, with its light cares, its small duties and many pleasures, into another very dark, sorrowful, and much to be dreaded. But the tragedian, unmindful of the very evident discomfiture of his listeners, continued:

"Of course your parents approve of your going on the stage, or you would not be here. Fifty dollars a week would, I think, cover the expenses of

you both. If they will supply you with that amount, I will arrange to have you travel with my company and play small parts. Thus you will receive the training most —"

Here Dale rose and said desperately, "We are much obliged to you. We will not detain you any longer," and with a look that must have impressed the tragedian with the idea that his resemblance to the world-renowned sea-serpent was remarkable, turned and made for the door.

Maud was too carefully trained to an observance of the amenities of life to scamper off like a mischievous kitten from the wreck and litter of an overturned work-basket, and prepared to follow Dale with a valiant attempt at dignity and self-possession. As the tragedian, with grave courtesy, escorted them to the outer door, Maud said: "I am very sorry for the lady of whom you spoke; I have just received my quarterly allowance; it isn't much, but if I might—if she would let me—give it to her, I would be so glad."

"It is quite unnecessary," he answered, "the lady has left the city."

"I hope she did not have to walk," said Maud, piteously.

"No," he answered, as he bowed them out, "I was fortunately able to assist her."

Dale, a veritable Lot's wife, turned, and, looking back through the glass of the door, saw the tragedian disappearing down the corridor with something of the gait that had amused her in Mr. Pembrook, his head thrown back, and a somewhat convulsive

movement of his shoulders, suggesting to her mind hearty, though suppressed laughter, "Oh!" she cried, vindictively, "Mr. Pembrook was an odd, funny little man, but this one is a perfect monster. He just thought us two silly children, to be told stories of bears who will eat them."

"I think what he said is true, and that we should be very grateful to him; if Mr. Pembrook had talked to us so, we would have gone home instead of making ourselves still more ridiculous," said Maud, soberly.

"How I wish we hadn't come; oh! Maud, will you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, if you never say another word to me about spheres or ambitions, or that sort of thing," answered Maud.

"Well, I guess you needn't have listened to me," cried Dale, somewhat wrathfully, and after we talked it over, you were even more enthusiastic about it than I was."

"No, I need not have listened to you and I guess it was more my fault than yours," groaned Maud.

"Now you see," said Dale, becoming superior and admonitory, "that however grand a thing it may be to write a play, it's anything but grand to play them."

Maud looked at her in mild desperation, but said nothing, and they wended their way homeward contrite and miserable.

Sorrow seems to be forever dogging the footsteps of Folly, and the fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter to the taste.



"A TRAVEL NOTE."

BY HARRIET FORD, A.R.C.A.

A Romanesque church in Northern Italy, with raised apse. The interior very much restored, looks somewhat new and raw; altho' the old architectural lines have been carefully followed. It is towards noon, but the inside of the church is cool and dimly-lighted by small windows in the clerestory. The three aisles are divided by massive pillars.

TWO Tourists, a woman—an old woman.

1ST TOURIST.—"This church has been restored."

2ND TOURIST.—"Yes. They have carefully restored it to its primitive condition. They have removed the accumulated rubbish of ages. It is certainly much better."

1ST TOURIST.—"A little empty, perhaps, but whoever has done it has shown good taste. It is less tawdry than usual. It is very pleasant."

They saunter down the aisles—they have guide-books and opera glasses—their eyes rove about critically.

A woman of the middle classes with a large, rather gaudy, hat, and generally over-dressed, goes with rustling skirts up the aisle until she reaches a small shrine to the Virgin. The figure enclosed behind glass stands in a recess of a pillar, and is decked out with a gilt crown and cheap jewellery. Paper flowers stand in vases before the shrine and a great many candle-sticks, some holding burning tapers, are arranged in front.

The woman, after a muttered prayer, touches the paper flowers to remove the dust, and then lights a larger taper. She looks with satisfaction at the result and finally kneels down. As the tourists walk behind her she turns

her head, still muttering prayers in an undertone, and curiously watches them pass. They mount the few steps leading to the apse.

1ST TOURIST.—"Ah! here is something interesting. A twelfth century bas-relief."

2ND TOURIST.—"Indeed, a bas-relief of the twelfth century!—very curious, very quaint."

1ST TOURIST.—"It has a wonderful directness. It is rough in execution, but it has vitality."

2ND TOURIST.—"True, but it is disproportionate. It is preposterous in line."

1ST TOURIST.—"Still there is something."

They examine the bas-relief with a careless intention of understanding it, and finally they sit down to rest. As they do so a sudden gleam of sunlight strikes into the church, when the curtain at the door is lifted, and as suddenly ceases when it falls again behind an old woman who walks quickly up the aisle. She is very poorly but neatly dressed—a woman of the people. She carries a small tin pail and goes at once towards the bas-relief.

The tourists watch her.

She quickly pushes back a bench and kneels for a moment. She then takes a sponge and a linen cloth from her pocket and with the water in the pail she carefully washes the feet of the Christ carrying his Cross. Then climbing on a bench she washes the whole figure, and dries it lovingly with the cloth.

1ST TOURIST.—"Why do you do that?"

OLD WOMAN.—"It is so dirty."

2ND TOURIST.—"Why do you not wash it all?"

OLD WOMAN.—“That is too much.”
 1ST TOURIST.—“Do you do it often?”
 OLD WOMAN.—“Yes, every day.”
 2ND TOURIST.—“But why this one part?”
 OLD WOMAN.—“It is the Christ—He is carrying His Cross.”
 2ND TOURIST.—“I see, but why?”
 (With smiling condescension.)
 OLD WOMAN.—“Do you not see? He is carrying his Cross.”—(With wistful insistence.)

1ST TOURIST.—“Yes, I see.”—(Looking intently at her.)
 The old woman turns toward the bas-relief—kneels for a moment and then kisses the feet of the figure. Arising, she takes her pail, and turning to the tourists she says, “Good-day.”
 They watch her go down the church. Again the sudden flash of light and sudden darkness as she lifts and drops the curtain.
 1ST TOURIST.—“A woman of the people.”

TO A. B.

I F we, in flowery meads of Asphodel,*
 Should chance to meet beyond the bounds of time,
 In some fair spot of sunny summer clime,
 Where all the good and true forever dwell :—
 If such should be our happy lot, then tell,
 What would'st thou think the height of joy supreme?
 To wander through the golden mead and dream
 Immortal dreams in heaven's fairest dell?

Such dreams to me would be immortal pain,
 Unless I heard the silvery accents fall
 From one whose lips to me were musical,
 When life was bounding free in every vein.
 The joy that would be dearest far to me,
 Would be to hear still loyal words from thee.

DELTA.

* “The Asphodel Mead” was in Homer the abode of the blessed.

ROBERTS' NEW VOLUME.

BY FRANCIS SHERMAN.

IT seems as if, of late years, among writers of fiction, the most enduring fame has come to those who have written the short stories; and, more than this, that those who have given us the best work in this branch of literature are they who have made some hitherto commonplace locality or people alive and full of interest for us. It is easy to remember the most notable of these writers—the Kiplings, the Hardys (in a sense), and the Barries. How well now do we know “Mine Own People,” and those who dwell in “Wessex,” and the natives of Thrums! And even besides these authors, and their innumerable imitators, have we not here in America, Cable for the South, Hamlin Garland for the West, Miss Alice Brown and Miss Wilkins for the New England States, and Gilbert Parker for our own North-west?

When one first reads the best of these writers, if one is so unfortunate as to belong to some (as yet) unsung people, one's first thought must be “Had this writer been one of us, could he have written such interesting tales of me and my neighbors?” And to many such a thing must have seemed doubtful—especially to us who live in Eastern Canada, an almost unknown little corner of the earth, provincial and unromantic as we are, and peaceable and well-behaved; and even lacking those other and opposite qualities which go to the making of the money-getter and the Philistine. Were poetry, or the possibility of the bringing forth of a poet, the question, the answer of some of us would be different; for, have we not our rivers, and our hills, and our autumns and our marshes? But surely nothing ever *happens* here, and with such a state of affairs, how

can we expect to have a teller of tales born among us?

It is quite in keeping with the fitness of things that the poet of “Songs of the Common Day” (he who so well succeeded in making “our dull familiar things divine,” and in showing us “what beauty clings in common forms”), and of the forthcoming “The Book of the Native,” should be the first to teach us how full of interest are the lives and the country round about us. Professor Roberts has shown us in this, his latest book, “Earth's Enigmas,” that it is not in poetry alone that he is capable of careful and conscientious work. It were easy for one with his wide knowledge of literary craftsmanship to have written short stories or studies in that morbid class of fiction which is now such a favorite of the reading public, but he has not done this. Instead, he has given us stories of live, healthy men and women: stories echoing with the sound of our saw-mills and our tides, and redolent of our marshes and newly-cut lumber. We feel, reading here, that it would be but an hour's journey to get to the scene of any one of these tales; and we know, that when we *did* arrive, the first man or woman whom we met would be the one of whom Professor Roberts has just told us. And this is true even of the two or three stories in the book that might have been told of any place or people, for these also are strong with that native flavor which is so evident in all that Professor Roberts has written.

Undoubtedly the finest story is the one called “The Perdu.” Here, while never losing that realism which is the chief charm of the stories of the lumber-camps and marshes, the story shows the poet more than the writer of

fiction. It is a strange, beautiful story which, with its perfect close of love unfulfilled and unsatisfied, is surely more symbolic than the tales of realists are wont to be. One is tempted to transcribe page after page of the story; how else can its beauty be shown?

To the passing stranger there was nothing mysterious about it except the eternal mystery of beauty. To the scattered folk, however, who lived their even lives within its neighborhood, it was an object of dim significance and dread.

The *Perdu* was but a stone's throw broad, throughout its entire length. The steep, with its trunks and leafage, formed the northern bound of it; while the southern shore was the green verge of the meadows. Along this low rim its whitish opalescent waters mixed smoothly with the roots and over-hanging blades of the long grasses, with the cloistral arched frondage of the ferns, and with here and there a strayed spray of purple wild pea. Here and there, too, a clump of Indian willow streaked the green with the vivid crimson of its stems.

Everything watched and waited. The meadow was a sea of sun mysteriously imprisoned in the green meshes of the grass tops. At wide intervals arose some lonely alder bushes, thick banked with clematis. Far off, on the slope of a low bordering hill, the red doors of a barn glowed ruby-like in the transfiguring sun. At times, though seldom, a blue heron winged over the level. At times a huge black-and-yellow bee hummed past, leaving a trail of faint sound that seemed to linger like a perfume. At times the landscape that was so changeless, would seem to waver a little, to shift confusedly like things seen through running water. And all the while the meadow scents and the many-colored butterflies rose straight up on the moveless air, and brooded or dropped back into their dwellings If a common sound, like the shriek of a steamboat's whistle, now and again soared over across the hills and fields, it was changed in that refracting atmosphere, and became a defiance at the gates of waking dream.

It was in this place that the children, Reuben and Celia, grew up to manhood and womanhood. Reuben, who "had the rare fortune not to differ in essentials from his neighbors, but only to intensify and give visible expression to the characteristics latent in them all," and Celia, who "reached up mentally, or perhaps, rather, emotionally, toward the imaginative stature of her companion."

But it is not for the reviewer to

tell their story; or the story of Sandy Macpherson, who did such a noble thing at the Aspohegan mill; or how Simon Gilsey saved the Gornish camp at freshet-time; or how Jim Reddin and Bill Goodine fought at Rough-and-Tumble Landing; or how Jabez Batterpole saw the Indian Devil on the Meductic. Neither may he tell how "Lieutenant Henry Crew and Margaret Neville, his betrothed" were overcome by the Indians and the tides; or how Captain Joe found his boy Jamie; or how the Witch-Stone was lost and found, and how it brought misfortune to so many of its successive owners. To know about all these people one must go to the book itself; and, lest these, with their plain, truthful narration, please not, the perfect art of the author has given us the prose-poems, "Do seek their meat from God," and "The Young Ravens do call upon Him," "Strayed," and best of all "The *Perdu*,"—the real *Earth's Enigmas* of the volume.

Now, if it were possible for the reviewer to separate into two parts a book which has such a unity and completeness as this one of Professor Roberts', it would be hard for him to refrain from saying that, in one direction, the author had done for his own country what Kipling (or Barrie) has done for his; and that, in the *Enigma* part of the book, the author has succeeded in doing with the *English* language what we have hitherto expected from France alone. It is certainly safe to say that no author of late years has achieved in both manners the remarkably high level that Professor Roberts has here achieved; that those shorter realistic studies which now have a world-wide fame are not more interesting and virile than these; and that "The *Perdu*" (or any of its fellows) has in it more of beauty, and color, and grace of language, and a higher, newer meaning, than anything that the greater of the realists have ever attempted.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

IT is for the most part women who complain of the sensational newspaper reports of crime, accident, and the meting out of justice according to the law. Now the woman who rails at a newspaper for publishing what she sits down to read with interest, is more or less a hypocrite. She is one of those for whom the newspaper supplies just such a class of reading. Some newspapers are in advance of public sentiment, but they don't pay expenses. Sensational papers do pay. It is only a question as to who will help them to be successful. A newspaper's standard is only as high as the ideals of the man who is its real maker. If his views do not agree with yours, if they are, in fact, antipodal, it is not to be expected that his newspaper will be acceptable reading. It is not his fault; it is not yours. You are not forced to read it, but if you do, it is scarcely complimentary to yourself to say, "It is not fit to read." It is not a good plan to forbid any class of reading to children, while we ourselves revel in its nastiness.

It is not reasonable to say that people can always choose their reading. It may happen that the cleanest-minded of men and women will sometimes, mechanically, let their eyes travel over a paragraph which leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and that the most sensitive to shocking occurrences will stumble upon blood-curdling narrations; but people who habitually read reports of horrible happenings must do so from choice. Being somewhat ashamed of that choice, they often cry "disgrace" upon the paper, but—go on reading it.

The over-nice, particular, prudish woman is not a pleasant person. She is, in fact, rather a useless person. The true, unselfish woman, with a well-trained will-power, will be able to go into the midst of any distress, bloodshed or suffering, if errands of duty or mercy take her. But the gloating over records of crime or the sufferings of those who are hanged will be no help for these emergencies.

Reports of murder trials must surely serve some good purpose, else the decent newspapers would not give them so much space. But it is not the newspapers' fault if women read them until they are afraid to go downstairs in the dark. Women who say they have no time for any course of study or reading, will, nevertheless devour the reports of murder trials, suicides, divorce cases and breach of promise suits, and not only read them but make them topics of conversation.

Those who defend and prosecute criminals must prepare themselves for their work. Medical students must dissect dead bodies. We who are neither, do either the one or the other of them from choice.

—
Speaking of a character in a book the other day, a man who had read it, and who thinks deeply of what he reads said: "Where that poor fellow erred was in choosing ambition for worldly things instead of the home-happiness with the woman he loved."

It came glibly enough. He believed what he said, and yet that man, having already chosen home-happiness, is now thrusting it behind him, and reaching out after his ambition, until he has time for nothing which does not further his ambitious ends.

It were better—far better—that any man should separate himself from the maiden he loved, than marry her, bind her to him and to his life by every social and domestic tie, only to draw away, following his own ambition, and leave her to ache out her heart in the loneliness and bitterness of the truth as it presses in upon her. Such a man has no right to marry. He should not dare to bind up a woman's life with his, and then leave her shackled and miserable, in a house which is no longer a home. Some women marry for homes. Houses and their appurtenances are their whole life. It is a pity that the over-ambitious men do not always marry these women.

Job had great possessions, but poor Job also had domestic affliction and boils. A gay life often goes with a heavy heart. Many a handsome house is eerie with the rattling of skeletons which, though never so well closeted, will stalk out before company once in a while. The many-hued glory arching over so many lives is only happiness-sunshine shining through tears. At the end of the rainbow, the fairy books tell us, there is only a heap of stones. These other rainbows have stones too, but they are grave stones.

Looking into the lives of others is good for mental machinery, if the looking is with eyes that have no envy in them, and no scorn. In enjoying the successes of the successful, in sympathizing even with the well-deserved sorrow of the sufferers all natures are sweetened and strengthened. Looking enviously, with eyes that are debarred from the highest good, though being guided by the "mania for possessing," is not to injure the envied, but only the hapless one with the cross-eyed mental vision.

The house-cleaning woman is to the fore. She and the bicycle woman appear to have control of the earth. The one runs after you if you muss up her nice clean house; the other runs over you if you do not look where you are going, or are not able to tell where she is going. This last is sometimes difficult, for novices at bicycling, like the cross-eyed man, do not always strike where they appear to be looking. Why people who do not ride well, ride on the busiest streets is one of the problems that appeal to pedestrians when they cross streets.

Speaking of house cleaning time to a lady the other day, I learned her husband's view of the vernal topsy-turviness. He thought a house should be kept so clean all the time that it would not need such a fuss to get it clean enough to live in. That gentleman is a genius. He ought to be the presiding deity of sweeping and dusting days. It is no sinecure, but he and his methods deserve faith.

Another woman paid herself a compliment—unconsciously, being modest—when she said she did like to have her curtains down long enough for her husband to know the room had been house-cleaned.

Happy man, if he had no other way of telling.

It is an established rule, amongst the good old house-keepers, that house-cleaning must be done by the calendar, and not the thermometer. Stoves must be down and out, grates varnished and closed up with drapes and kindred abominations, the dust-cloth, the scrub-brush, the paint-brush and the broom must have fulfilled their spring missions by the twenty-fourth of May, rain or shine, frost or blossom.

"We did the house-cleaning in a week last year," said a friend who has none too much strength to squander, and then she added, "but I was months getting over it."

Another friend wore out herself and her two assistants, took a cold in her head and throat and lungs, acknowledged that she knew she would suffer for it, and set against all the ills, the triumphant statement that the house was clean all the way through.

It is one thing to renovate a house each year, or each half year, to have a fat purse or an unthinking habit of credit purchasing, to replace shabby furnishings, to freshen up the old ones. It is quite another thing to clean and turn and twist with the hopeless feeling that the curtains will need hours of mending, and the worn spots in the carpet will be sure to show. To some women it is galling, past enduring patiently, to make the old things do, to all women, there is, at least, a sting of regret in it.

Years ago, a woman—an old maid the world would call her—poor, with more than a pinch of poverty said, pathetically, "It is so hard to go on house-cleaning, year after year, fixing over the old things and never having money to replace them."

She is dead, long ago. So is the old mother, and the invalid old father whom she tended so faithfully, and with whom she endured the bare life for duteous love's sake.

Even the prosaic house-cleaning time has its bit of pathos, its heart-aches and its glory, with all its absurdities, its mistaken zeal and its abuses.

Given a glorious May day, a pair of good horses and a trap, a congenial party

of four, thirty-two miles of road, and the result is happiness. The way leads through a rich farming country, past farmhouses old and new. Those of to-day are pretentious. The old stand huddled in a mass of foliage. There are dark, gaunt pine-trees, bushy maples and old lilac trees, with their wealth of purple plumes. They mingle their greens, and accentuate the grey of the weather-beaten houses. There are little streams slipping through the gully fields, bits of woodland where the beech and maple stand close together, with here and there a brown-green cedar, or a spreading larch, with its scaly gray branches tangled in a mist of delicate green. There are birches, with the white bark gleaming from the fringes, toothed aspens, filling the air with their fluffy down, and all their leaves a-shudder. There are ferns and wild flowers in the woods, and all the trailing, climbing, creeping things that revel in the damp rich soil, where the sunshine finds a chance to glance only when the wind flickers the half-grown leaves.

There are great elms and chestnuts standing in the fields, and sentinel poplars at the gates of lonely farm-houses. White-blossomed thorns lean against the rail fences, wild grape-vines and berry bushes climb and sprawl over the stump ones. In the orchards the apple boughs, black and gnarled, prop up canopies of white blossoms. Orioles flash their brilliant plumage before our eyes; a red-headed woodpecker's dark wings outspread in flight give a glimmer of dainty white underwear; robins hop over the grass; black-birds stalk importantly, and the crows fly heavily from the fences into far-off tree-tops. The air is sweet with lilac and apple-blossoms, and the mingled odors of all the sweets, that May sunshine and dews coax out of the ground. The slender blades of fall wheat turn in the wind, and the sun and shadow change it from sombre green to yellow. Here and there a farmer follows a plough or a drill. Some are smoothing out the land with the great rollers. Still we go on—on. Then the road leads by the lake. Sails are spread out over the blue, the far shore-line rises and falls in a purple haze. Along the roadside the fisher-folks' houses cluster. Their reels are at

the edge of the creek near by. Beyond is the haunted wood, where the fair-haired girl walks alone in the twilight—further on the haunted house. Both are firmly fixed in the folk-lore of the country-side.

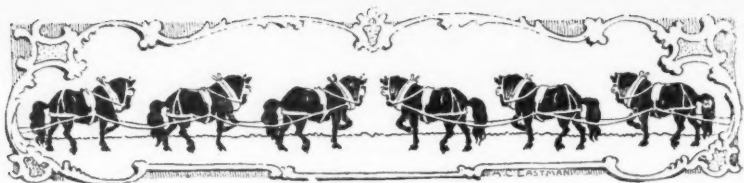
That was all yesterday. To-day it rained in the early morning, but at breakfast-time the sun was smiling through her raindrop tears. The fields are reeking. Acres and acres of the brown earth are steaming, and the odor comes up to us fat and warm.

—
There are mothers and mothers. When the relations of mother and daughter are not all they might be, it is not altogether fair to load the blame upon the daughter. To a great extent she is what her mother helped her to be. Imitation of practice is stronger than the absorption of precept.

Mothers who, of themselves, command respect—not as mother, but as women, never fail to get it.

There are two extreme types of motherhood, together with the happy mean, and the varying successes and failures between them. One kind of mother sacrifices her life to her child. She becomes its body servant, its plaything, and finally its old rag doll. When the child grows to girlhood, the existing relation is the same. The mother is pushed aside for the assertive youngster's convenience. They are not companions. There is no congeniality between them, but there will be reproaches and many tears. The woman who allows her child's selfish nature to develop—as it will of its own humanity do—because she is too lazy or too indifferent to put a good example before it, and to hold a firm hand on its will, is a criminal—false to her charge, false to her womanhood, and guilty before God. She is thrusting out into the world something that is a nettle to others, a curse to itself.

The true mother makes a place in her life for her child, down close beside her. She trains the little one far less than she watches herself. The words that do not sound well in her baby's mouth are surely better away from a mother's lips. She lives over her childhood. She sees her girlhood come again. She accepts the care, the anxiety, the trouble and sets against it the larger measure of the purest and sweetest of joys.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

SARAH BERNHARDT, BICYCLES AND MODERN DRESS

THOSE who have felt anew the tragedy of life as interpreted by that "Genius of Tragedy," Sarah Bernhardt, will enjoy W. De Wagstaffe's critical analysis in the June *Frank Leslie's* of her presentation of *Izeyl*. This drama was written expressly for this French lady by Armand Sylvester and Eugene Morand, and is a representation of typical Eastern character and scenery—wherein Bernhardt may display her power as the loving maiden.

Incidentally Mr. Wagstaffe criticizes the clothing of modern women, where he says: "The Genius of Tragedy is not susceptible to the harness of empty fashion. Bernhardt has always preferred those rôles that admit of a flowing costume, where the loose girdle lines her figure so that her posings are as free as woman in nature should be. It is merely a thought, but one which Sarah Bernhardt has compelled us more than any other actress to accept as fact, that when great scenes are stirred by dramatic action in a woman's nature, the stiff fashions of the day will destroy any accurate expression of deep feeling."

The tendency in the dress of the females of to-day may be safely said to be against the close-fitting garments of the past. But no one would be so foolish as to assert that the tendency is sufficiently marked to be noticed by everyone, nor will true reform be accomplished until American women grow strong enough to set a fashion for themselves. So long as London and Paris dressmakers influence and control the style of garments worn by the ladies of the New World so long will aristocracy of dress prevail over the democracy of garments. The New World is

freer and bolder than the old, and when the fulness of this freedom shall have extended to "the fashions" there will be radical changes which will remove the restrictions now preventing our women from developing their forms according to the intent of an all-wise Nature. The day is not far distant, although too far away to allow of the present generation being witnesses of its pleasurable scenes.

During the past two years the "safety" bicycle has made deep changes in the thoughts of both sexes, regarding the necessity for a breaking away from the cobwebbed and misty ideas of a present past; but the general public has not yet decided as to which of the various "modern fashions" it would be best to favor. However, thought, discussion, and agitation are an almost necessary prelude to the introduction of revolutionary harmony. Reforms are almost certain to follow prolonged criticism and continued agitation for change. We wait, but not without hope.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The earliest civilization and the first moral code upheld the rule that there should be one day of rest in every seven. Perhaps that was sufficient recreation four thousand years ago, but times have changed. Life was rather slow in those days, and the hurrying and scurrying of modern times were then unknown. Modern existence is very different, and as such demands different rules of conduct to meet changed conditions.

The man who engages in the modern game of money-getting is called upon for more work, mental and physical, than was demanded of those who lived before

the age of commerce, with its swift sea-vehicles, its rushing railway trains, its powerful electric machinery, and its highly specialized methods of production and distribution. The complications of modern civilization are not easily understood nor successfully followed without close application.

One day in seven does not afford sufficient time to recuperate the powers of mind and body. Hence it is customary for those who desire to live the full span of life to take a vacation once a year. The peculiarity of our climate makes this vacation a "summer" one. It is to be lamented that so many Canadians should fail to appreciate the benefits of pure Canadian air, and the inexhaustible pleasures of Canada's scenic splendors. Too many of our citizens believe that there is nothing to be seen at home, and that all that is worthy of inspection is situated under a foreign flag. Yet Ontario has its Thousand Islands, its Niagara, and its Muskoka; Quebec, its fortified capital city and its Saugeny; the Maritime Provinces, their Grand Pré, their Louisburg, and their Annapolis Valley; Manitoba, its golden plains; and British Columbia, its magnificent scenery and its hidden wealth. There are thousands of attractive points, and it is to be hoped that the patriot will prefer to learn of his own than of the alien. There are yet to be added to the nation's patriotism some elements now conspicuously absent.

SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

At the present time, relations between the United States and Spain are somewhat strained owing to the prolonged rebellion in that part of the Spanish Dominions known as the Island of Cuba. Some very significant events are of recent occurrence. The Senate of the United States by a vote of 64 to 6 and the House of Representatives by a vote of 245 to 27 passed, early in April, the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of Congress a condition of public war exists between the Government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, ac-

cording to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.

"*Resolved*, further, That the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish Government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba."

These resolutions place the United States as a nation close to the danger line of a war with Spain.

Following this event comes the appointment of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Governor of Virginia, as Consul General to Havana in place of Ramon O. Williams, resigned. This action is taken to mean that the Washington Government intends looking carefully into the situation before acting upon the resolutions passed by Congress.

On the heels of these two events comes the *Competitor* case. Three Americans have been tried and condemned to death for being taken in arms on board a vessel which was trying to smuggle into Cuba arms and ammunition for the insurgents. The United States Government has taken the matter up and secured from the Madrid Government a stay of execution. The result is as yet unknown.

Of one thing there can be no doubt. The people of the United States would be glad to see the Spanish Crown deprived of its greatest American possession and the setting up of a Republican Government in that island. This is desired because republican institutions are thought to be better than monarchical government especially for people who live on American soil,—the same reason as has moved the Government of the United States to take the side of Venezuela in her territorial dispute with Great Britain. The only exception to this national feeling seems to come from those interested in Cuban and Hawaiian sugar stocks and plantations. Should Cuba become independent or should it be annexed to the United States, sugar stocks would be much depreciated in value.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:—

"President Cleveland is not likely to act hurriedly with respect to the resolutions of Congress under consideration. While they were meant for his guidance, or rather chiefly as an expression of the feeling of the legislative body, they were also meant to give the Cuban cause a status which it has not as yet had. The insurgent Cubans have not been accorded belligerent rights as yet by any power. Should the United States lead off in this direction, it is not unlikely that some of the remaining American

Republics would follow suit. The European powers, however, would be slow to adopt a similar course. The more important of them have colonies of their own, and are not disposed to encourage movements for separation from the Mother Country."

ELECTIVE UPPER HOUSES.

Great Britain has an Upper House, the Lords, which is not elective, and hence does not quickly respond to public opinion. Very often, during the past century, has it balked the measures and desires of the House of Commons. Opinion is divided as to whether this action prevents rashness and gives time for a more thorough consideration of burning questions, or prevents the carrying out of most desirable reforms. A considerable body of the people desire some change in the constitutional foundation of the House of Lords, so that membership in it shall be determined in some other way than by inheritance or Crown appointment.

The Canadian Upper House or Senate is wholly Crown appointed. As at present constituted, it is doubtful if it performs well the work that should be done by an Upper House. As in England, a considerable body of the people are desirous of seeing a change. But, as in the Mother Country, the conservative nature of the people makes them slow to try experiments.

In the United States, the members of the national Senate are chosen by the Legislatures of each State. Two Senators from each State are elected every six years, one-third of the whole number being, by special arrangement, chosen every two years. As in our own Dominion, and as in Great Britain, the Senate does not seem to be sufficiently responsive to public opinion.

The *Literary Digest*, in a recent issue, says:—

"The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people becomes once more a topic of discussion in the press, since committees in both the Senate and House of Representatives reported last month in favor of a constitutional amendment providing for it. The majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections detailed at length their reasons for recommending such an amendment. It is declared, in brief, that the people should choose senators directly instead of indirectly, because popular sentiment would be better represented, senators would be less likely to purchase seats, the waste of contests like those cited in Ken-

tucky, Delaware, and other States would be avoided, and Legislatures would be elected for legislative and not election purposes. The report asserts emphatically that popular opinion demands the change."

The question of the proper constitution of Upper Houses would seem to be one worthy of close attention from the unprejudiced student of politics. On the face of it, there would seem to be no reason in the desire for a change in the United States. If the Senate be elected directly by the people, then the Senate will cease to be an Upper House, cease to be a weight on the safety valve of temporary popular desire, cease to be anything but a second and unnecessary House of Representatives. Yet, on the other hand, the Upper Houses in Great Britain and in Canada are too much so. They are too heavy, and public opinion floats away into the air without finding its proper sphere of labor which is the moving the wheels of legislative machinery.

BISHOP DUMOULIN.

Among the events of the past month in Toronto has been the entirely unlooked-for and utterly unexpected election of the Rev. J. P. Dumoulin, canon of St. Alban's Cathedral and rector of St. James, the mother church of Toronto Township, to the vacant Bishopric of Niagara.

The gain to the diocese of Niagara of such a man as her chief pastor will be Toronto's great loss. No man, not even excepting those two great statesmen and ecclesiastics, Bishops Strachan of the Anglican Church and McDonell of the Roman Catholic, has left such an indelible impression upon Toronto as Canon Dumoulin. Though a staunch Anglican, and an earnest believer in the polity and principles of the church in which, as one of her ordained ministers, he has labored for more than thirty-five years, he has been, at the same time, courteous and conciliatory to those with whose principles he differed, but whose intentions were pure and whose objects were good. Canon Dumoulin has been most emphatically the pastor of all denominations. His utterances in his famous daily Lenten lectures from the pulpit of St. James, have been reported throughout the entire breadth of the Dominion, and have been quoted alike by Roman Catholic, Angli-

can, Presbyterian, and other ministers. It is to be hoped that Bishop Dumoulin will long be spared to the Church and to Canada. His nobility of character, his power of deep observation, his breadth of view, and his powerful eloquence stamp him as a noble citizen and a worthy ecclesiastic. When he leaves the scenes of his earthly labors, his epitaph will have been written, by his good works, in the hearts of the people.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper has an article on "The Manitoba School Question" in the May *National Review*. He points out that in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia "while the law does not expressly provide for the Separate system, yet it allows, in essentially Roman Catholic districts, Roman Catholic schools to all intents and purposes, to work under the Public School Act, and to receive their share of aid," and that "Separate Schools have long been in full blast in Ontario and Quebec."

"Under these circumstances, a suspicion gains ground that the excitement among Protestants respecting Manitoba, so far as it has existence, has been engineered and directed by one not wholly disinterested from other points of view."

He quotes some strong opinions from departed statesmen and educationists. Sir John A. Macdonald preferred National schools, but out of respect for the consciences of others was ready to sink his prejudices. Dr. Ryerson thought that the Ontario Separate School clause widened the basis of the common school system, although it is clear, from other evidence, that he regretted the first admission of the principle.

Sir Hibbert also points out that at the time of Confederation both Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie voted against leaving "education" as one of the subjects assigned exclusively to the provinces. He then reviews the constitutional aspect of the question, and its history up to the discussion in Parliament in April of the present year.

"The Government considers that a duty has devolved upon it, under the Constitution, to pass this measure, regardless of individual preferences for any

particular system of public schools. It is argued that the 'Parliamentary Compact' must be faithfully observed."

"I have a happy confidence, moreover, that in this age of toleration there are not to be found anywhere five millions of the subjects of the Queen, enjoying the right of self-government who, with these facts before them, would not approve of the policy of Remedial Legislation on the lines of the opinion and advice of the Judicial Committee of the Queen's Privy Council."

The above are two of Sir Hibbert's closing paragraphs. He has certainly made out a strong case, nevertheless it seems doubtful whether the majority of the people of Canada will accept this as their view of the question.

It is to be sincerely regretted that this matter should have reached the arena of Federal politics. Here it may be, to a certain measure, obscured by tariff discussion, and no matter what the decision on June 23rd may be, it will be unsatisfactory. It cannot be regarded as final. There is always a serious difficulty when people are asked to give one answer to several distinct questions. In a province, where the great questions which come before the electorate are fewer in number, a much more satisfactory and accurate opinion may always be gained on any one question. In our Dominion general election, the issue is usually of a more composite character, and the answer more indefinite.

However the matter may be decided, it is to be hoped that Catholic and Protestant may remain united in heart and allegiance, and that the Confederation of Canadian provinces may never be endangered by race or religious differences. With persons of either religion, the prime thought and aim should be "Canada First."

IS CHRISTIANITY WANING?

To the question: "Is the power of Christianity waning?" H. K. Carroll, in the May *Forum*, answers "No." "Among the leading faiths of mankind, Christianity is unquestionably foremost. It has lost none of the missionary spirit which made it so aggressive in the first two or three centuries of the Christian era. The zeal of the myriads of modern Christian

apostles has carried it, in the nineteenth century, into well-nigh every inhabitable corner of the globe; its doctrines are heard in every language, nation after nation opening its doors to its missionaries."

"But whether the doctrines of Christianity are held as sincerely, as firmly, as widely as they used to be; . . . whether what is called the spiritual life of the church is as vigorous as it was half a century ago, these are questions which can be authoritatively answered only after a most diligent observation and investigation of well-ascertained facts."

The writer then points out that during the past five years, the net gain to Christianity in the United States is 17,609 ministers, 22,935 churches, and 4,008,277 communicants. Population has increased about 10 per cent., but church membership has increased 20 per cent. "It is clear from this that the churches are gaining on the population rapidly and steadily."

He then analyzes the gains of the past five years as follows:—

1. Catholic	1,757,040
2. Methodist	863,370
3. Baptist	350,570
4. Disciples of Christ	282,612
5. Presbyterian	189,667
6. Lutheran	159,703
7. Congregational	87,229
8. Protestant Episcopal	85,781

This clearly proves that the Catholic is outstripping the Evangelical division of Christianity.

The strength of the different denominations in the United States is interesting:

1. Roman Catholic	7,999,172
2. Methodist Episcopal	2,629,985
3. Regular Baptist, south.	1,448,570
4. Methodist Episcopal, south.	1,379,928
5. Regular Baptist, col'd.	1,343,530
6. Regular Baptist, north.	985,752
7. Disciples of Christ	923,663
8. Presbyterian, north.	902,757
9. Protestant Episcopal	618,843
10. Congregational	600,000
11. African Methodist Episcopal	594,476
12. Lutheran Synodical Conference	479,221

Mr. Carroll estimates that the annual expenditure on churches in the Republic is \$150,000,000, and that the value of church buildings, lots, and furniture is fully \$800,000,000.

THE CANADIAN DERBY.

It may be safely said that what "The Derby" is to the people of England, "The Queen's Plate" is to the people of Canada. It is the national horse race. Toronto has for many years been the scene of this race, although in the earlier of its seventeen years' existence it was run in other towns, changing location from year to year. The Ontario Jockey Club has now established this race at The Woodbine, Toronto, where their fifteenth annual meeting has just been held.

The name of the race denotes its national character in so far as Canada may be said to possess any nationality. It is The Queen's Plate, and is usually run on or about the 24th of May—the birthday of the beloved Widow of Windsor, the sovereign of the British Empire.

It is national in another way. Only maidens may compete, and these must be owned, have been raised and trained in Canada, and must never have been outside its boundaries. The distance is one and a quarter miles, and the value is 50 guineas, with \$800 added, of which \$200 to second and \$100 to third. The prize money is intended to encourage the breeding of good running horses in Canada; the honor of having won the race does this even more than the money.

The race is always attended by the leading professional and society people of Ontario, with numerous additions from the other provinces. It is a national festival, where brains, beauty and wealth meet on a common pleasure ground. The day is a bright spot in the lives of a people whose lives are perhaps too commonplace and even.

The race was won this year by J. E. Seagram of Waterloo, with Millbrook. This horse is a four year-old, by Springfield-Mille, and won in 2 min. 19 sec.

THE TZAR NICHOLAS II.

On May 26th, the eyes of the whole world were directed to the Kremlin palace, Moscow, where the new Tzar of the

Russians crowned himself, and swore allegiance to the sacred standard of his Empire. Alexander III. passed away over a year ago and Nicholas II ascended the throne. During the first year of his reign he was married and is now a father. The coronation will complete the assumption of the sovereignty.

The following is the official announcement made some time ago :—

"By the grace of God, we, Nicholas II., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., make known to all our faithful subjects that, with the help of the Almighty, we have resolved to place upon ourselves the Crown in May next in the ancient capital of Moscow, after the example of the pious Monarchs our forefathers, and to receive the Holy Sacrament according to established usage; uniting with us in this act our most beloved consort, the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna.

"We call upon all our loyal subjects, on the forthcoming solemn day of coronation, to share in our joy and to join us in offering up fervent prayers to the Giver of all good that He may pour out upon us the gifts of the Holy Spirit, that He may strengthen our Empire, and direct us in the footsteps of our parent of imperishable memory, whose life and labours for the welfare of our beloved Fatherland will always remain a bright example.

"Given at St. Petersburg this first day of January in the year of our Lord 1896 and the second year of our reign. "NICHOLAS."

The May 15th *Review of Reviews* (English edition) has an admirable character sketch of the new Tzar. It says :—

"He is twenty-eight years of age; but of his real character no one can speak with any degree of certainty. The heir to the throne in all countries leads more or less a suppressed life. It is so under constitutional monarchy, as the Prince of Wales knows to his cost. It is even more the case in absolute monarchies, where authority is concentrated on one command; there is little or no opportunity afforded to the world of understanding the real character of the man who but yesterday a mere titular figure, becomes to-day the absolute monarch of 120,000,000 of human beings. Little is known of the Tzar but what is good. He was reared in a home which was a model of the domestic virtues and both father and mother united their efforts to train him up in the path which seemed good in their minds. What that path was we can well understand by glancing at the history of the late reign. Alexander III. was a cautious, pacific, truth-speaking man, who was devoted to his country and to his Church, who troubled himself little about speculations either in Church or in State. He was a man without ambitions

other than the discharge of his duty, and he ever labored under a sense of the onerous character of the obligations which he had sworn to fulfil at his coronation. So far as Alexander III. lives in Nicholas II., the same traits reproduce themselves; but the young Emperor, although on his accession he solemnly declared his resolve to pursue the same policy as his father; still, there are no two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so it is vain to expect that we shall find in the new Tzar an exact reproduction of the qualities which made his father so loved and trusted throughout the world.

"All that is really known about the Emperor is that he was brought up very much after the fashion of English public school boys. Mr. Gladstone, fourteen years ago, told me he was greatly pleased with the frank, manly, affectionate bearing of the young people whom he met at Copenhagen, and who were full of fun and gaiety of spirit. The young man's constitution was not strong when he was in his teens, and there were grave misgivings as to whether he would possess a sufficiently robust physique to bear the burden of the empire. After his trip to Asia he became much more robust, but he was never as strong a man as his father. The story is told of him at one time dancing with one of his partners at a state ball until she was ready to drop with sheer fatigue in order to punish her for saying that the Tzaryevich had no vitality. A capacity to dance until your partner drops is but a very small proof of constitutional vigour; but it seemed to be admitted on all hands that he has surmounted the weakness of his youth, and from a life insurance point of view his is a very good life."

The new Tzar was educated at home under a Russian tutor. He had also an English tutor, and two French professors. He is said to be very fond of England and the English language. In 1891 he made his famous Asiatic tour, visiting India, China, Japan and Siberia. On May 11th of that year an attempt was made to assassinate him in the streets of Kioto, Japan, and the Tzaryevich was wounded in the head but exhibited great nerve and considerable self-control.

His mother was the Princess Dagmar, sister to the Princess of Wales. His wife is Princess Alix of Hesse, said to be a modern woman and well abreast of the times, an ardent painter and a capital linguist, a woman likely to exert a good influence in the new reign. The wooing of the Imperial pair took place at Walton-on-Thames in England, but the betrothal was not definitely arranged until their meeting at Cobourg in the spring of 1894.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS



Why should not a resident of the United States write as good a novel as a resident of England?

The reader will answer this peculiar and indefinite question by saying that the United States has its great novelists as well as England. So have France, and Germany, and Spain, and Italy, and Russia. The reader will admit that while a novelist must certainly be influenced by his environment, yet every country must have its brainy and attractive writers.

Why then should not Canada have them? This is a question which the average Canadian seldom or never asks himself, for he usually expects the best books to come only from foreign pens. He is one of a nation which has too little confidence in itself,—not as a nation, but as a collection of individuals. This is a partial explanation why Canada's brightest novelists reside abroad. They have been ostracized by their fellow-citizens.

**

Gilbert Parker, though a resident of England, is, to-day, Canada's greatest novelist. And Canada has produced great novelists, a Barr, a Grant Allen, a Sarah Jeanette Duncan, an L. Dougall, an Oxley, a Ballantyne, a Moodie, and many others. But, to-day, Gilbert Parker rises above them all. His works are gaining in popularity, are built with a substance which will bear the test of time, are wholesome and fruitful, bright and interesting, polished and refined. His historical romances compare with the best work of this class in the English language. He is progressive and stable. He is never flippant and always instructive.

Those who have followed the fortunes of *Pretty Pierre*, and felt the romanticism of the characters in "*The Trail of the Sword*," will welcome his latest book, "*The Seats of the Mighty*."* Its scenes are laid in the stirring period when France

and England strove for the possession of that part of America called New France and now included in the Dominion of Canada. It is equally enjoyable and instructive to the Canadian whose origin is French and the Canadian who loves his British ancestry.

Robert Moray was a Captain in a Virginia Regiment and a close friend of George Washington, then a British subject. He was captured by the French at the battle of Fort Necessity and taken to Quebec a prisoner. Owing to the fact that he had in his possession—but in Virginia—letters from a rival of the French favorite, La Pompadour, to the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart, and that he refused to surrender them to La Pompadour's agent at Quebec, he was kept a prisoner in that city for several years. Being for a time on parole in the house of a French Seigneur he won the affection of a daughter of his custodian, but this secret affection only added to his difficulties. Captain Moray tells his own story of these troublesome times, and shows in strong colors the internal bickerings of the French Court at Quebec. Bigot, the thieving intendant; Vaudreuil, the self-important and shortsighted Governor; Montcalm, the honest and brilliant general; Doltaire, the secret agent of La Pompadour; Madame Cournal, the ambitious and intriguing courtesan—these are the central historical figures of Mr. Parker's brilliant drama. The weaknesses of New France are clearly set forth and Wolfe's final victory explained.

After a long and romantic imprisonment, Captain Moray escapes and joins Wolfe before Quebec. He informs the pain-wracked, red-haired English general of the narrow path up the cliff and the way to the Plains of Abraham. He sees Quebec city pass forever into the possession of the British and finds a reward for all his sufferings and privations.

The book is not without its faults; for example, a certain looseness of sentence construction, as: "but it was his plan to hold on for a time longer, and then to re-

* "*The Seats of the Mighty*," a Romance of Old Quebec, by Gilbert Parker. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1.25.

tire before the axe fell with an immense fortune." But these faults are few and trivial. It is an excellent piece of work and one which must enthuse and gratify every Canadian who reads this pen-picture of one of the most stirring periods in the history of his country.

**

A handsomely bound and superbly illustrated volume is issued by Macmillan.* It is "Adam Johnstone's Son" by F. Marion Crawford, an author much read and admired by Canadians. This is a seaside tale, the scene being laid in Amalfi in Italy, but the principal characters are English. Mrs. Bowring, a divorced English lady and her daughter Clare find their solitude broken into by a young Englishman named Brook Johnstone. The two young people are attracted towards each other, but there are impediments in the path of true love. Clare had witnessed the finale of a little flirtation in which Brook had been one of the principals and this led her to believe him heartless. To this is added the fact, unknown to Clare, that Mrs. Bowring was the divorced wife of Brook Johnstone's father. The arrival of the original Johnstone and his second wife adds to the complication.

It is a pretty little tale, ordinary yet extraordinary, simple yet complex, but always interesting. There are strong touches by a master hand, one that realizes the drama of life with its varying incidents, its sad happinesses, and its unsystematic difficulties.

But one of Crawford's charms is his ability to make interesting and critical remarks about men and women and their foibles, to throw in brief observations which tempt the reader's own thoughts. For example:

"Every woman knows the calendar of her own face. The lines are years, one for such and such a year, one for such and such another: the streaks are months, perhaps, or weeks, or sometimes hours, where the tear-storms have bleached the brown, the black, or the gold."

"And she had her youth and knew it, and it was almost all she had. It seemed much to her, and she had no unsatisfiable craving for the world's stuff in which to attire it. In that, at least her mother had been wise, teaching her to believe and enjoy rather than to doubt and criticize."

* Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Every nation has its own way of smoking. There is a hasty and vicious manner about the Frenchman's little cigarette of pungent black tobacco; the Italian dreams over his rat-tail cigar; the American either eats half of his Havana while he smokes the other, or else he takes a frivolous delight in smoking delicately and keeping the white ash whole to the end; the German surrounds himself with a cloud, and, god-like, meditates within it; . . . but the Englishman's short briar-root pipe has a powerful individuality of its own. Its simplicity is Gothic, its solidity is of the Stone Age, he smokes it in the face of the higher civilization, and it is the badge of the conqueror. A man who asserts that he has a right to smoke a pipe anywhere, practically asserts that he has a right to everything. And it will be admitted that Englishmen get a good deal."

**

"Those good Normans" has been translated from the French of Gyp for the benefit of English readers.* It is a domestic tale of that fair western province, full of pathos and feeling. The interest is well sustained by continued and connected action. The form of the work is that of the dialogue.

**

"An Art Failure" is the title of an illustrated story of the Latin Quarter as it is, by John W. Harding.† It is the story of the troubles and trials of a young American who believed himself destined to be a great artist, who hated the drudgery of his father's counting house and who finally found himself in the Mecca of all Bohemians. Here he lived a strange life buoyed up by a long delayed hope for fame and wealth. However it was not to be, for his destiny was not in that line of labor. Perhaps his experiences would be a benefit to rash youths who have hopes similar to his, but it is doubtful if the world will ever be entirely rid of its fools.

**

Another one of the Exiles has been heard from. The author of "A Social Departure," "An American Girl in London," "The Simple Adventures of a Mem-Sahib," and "A Daughter of To-day," has just issued a new novel entitled "His Honor and a Lady"‡ Canadians will be

* Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth and silver, gilt top, rough edges.

† New York: F. Tennyson Neely, Toronto: The Toronto News Co., 209 pp., cloth, 75 cents.

‡ "His Honour and a Lady" by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co. Illustrated, cloth, \$1.50.

pleased to welcome this new book from the pen of Mrs. Cotes aside from the intrinsic merits of the book itself. Mrs. Cotes residence in India makes this an Anglo-Indian tale—a brilliant picture of social and political life in that wonderful portion of a wonderful empire. As is all her works, this is marked by originality and quickness of observation—for Kipling has not exhausted the field, nor is he without worthy rivals. Mrs. Cotes however possesses, though perhaps not so strongly as Kipling, an unfailing humor which proves a constant source of pleasure to the reader. As a student of character this book shows an advance in critical power, while her analysis of motives is remarkable.

Her descriptions of Indian scenery are charming. For example:—

"Ten minutes later Rhoda stood fastening her glove at her father's door and looking out upon a world of suddenly novel charm. The door opened, as it were, upon eternity, with a patch of garden between, but eternity was blue and sun-filled and encouraging. The roses and sweet-williams stood sheer against the sky, with fifty yellow butterflies dancing above them. Over the verge of the garden—there was not more than ten feet of it in any direction—she saw tree tops and the big green shoulders of the lower hills, and very far down a mat of fleecy clouds that hid the flanks of some of these. The sunlight was tempting, enticing. It made the rubbel path warm beneath her feet and drew up the scent of the garden until the still air palpitated with it. Rhoda took little desultory steps to the edge of the ledge the house was built on, and down the steep footway to the road. The white oaks met over her head and far up among the tree-ferns, she heard a cuckoo. Its note softened and accented her unreasoned gladness,

seemed to give it a form and a metre. . . . This part of the Mall was frequented and fashionable; even at that hour she would meet her acquaintances on hill ponies and her mother's friends in dandies and her mother's friends' babies in perambulators, with a plentiful background of slouching Bhutia coolies, their old felt hats tied on with their queues, and red-coats from a recuperating regiment, and small black-and-white terriers.

The illustrations and chaste cover add to the charm of the book.

**

Still another Exile heard from Grant Allen has brought out another volume* entitled, "A Bride from the Desert." An English ship is wrecked off the Eastern African coast and most of the crew murdered by the Somanli, fanatical Mahdist and Wahabee warriors. An English expedition is sent from Aden to avenge the slaughter and includes a particular soldier who had a young lady friend on board the wrecked steamer. This young lady and her chaperone had been kept prisoners and were found by the soldier, he himself being in durance vile. Their troubles, trials, disappointments and final escape make up the story—a rather poor story in fact. There are two short stories in the volume in addition to the leading one which gives title to the volume.

**

"The White Virgin," by George Manville Fenn, has been issued in Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library. The book is not new, but it might help to pass an idle summer hour.

* "A Bride from the Desert" by Grant Allen. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth, 75 cents.



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F. E. SPRINGER.

"A NON-STARTER."

Drawn for CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

EDITH.—Mr. Jones called last evening.
MAY.—Yes! He comes by fits and starts, doesn't he?
MAUD (who has had a painful experience).—One would not mind the fits so much, only he never starts.

A GOOD RUN.

BY S. J. ROBERTSON.

"NO," said the postmaster, as he held the bottle up to the light to see if it were full of the turpentine Deacon Jones had asked for. "No, I didn't always run a store. I have done some other things. Done them well, too, some



of them, and others better. So much better that I've been asked to quit.

"That's what happened when I edited the *Simpkinsville Bugle* back in Arkansas twenty years ago.

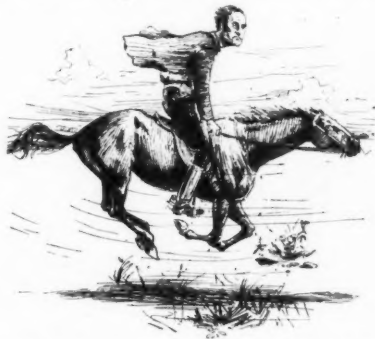
"I ran up the biggest subscription list in four counties, and was thinking some of getting in a second devil to do nothing but look after the circulation, when, as I said, I was asked to quit; waited on by a deputation comprising all the leading citizens of the townships up the river, asking me to run for Indian Territory. An' I did. Best run I ever made. My old mare Bess and I covered two hundred miles the first day out, and the dust over the prairie at sunset kind of gave me the idea that the other candidates had pritty nigh as much 'stay' or rather 'get' in them as we had."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, of course, I forgot to tell you that.

"You see about that time the school teaching was paying kind of poor dividends in the east, and a lot of long-eared young ones that thought they was heaven and earth and all the other place, 'cause they knew how to spell and could tell a family dictionary from an unabridged bible at sight, came out west to teach. Kids was scarce and the teachers had to look round for something else to do. Some of them took to preaching, some to monte, others to horse-lifting, but a good crowd stood right up for temperance and prohibition, and took to lecturing and agitating, and there's where my trouble came in.

"Of course I gave them lots of space in the *Bugle*, just at first. It was good copy; made the boys feel kind of 'homey,' and gave them a lump in the throat to



read all those pious things between drinks. It took.

"When the mail cars jumped the tracks at Broken Neck Canyon that prohibition literature did the trick for me.

"You see it was a dry paper, and when

those dry and windy editorials found themselves in the water, they just naturally took it in. The *Bugles* swelled and swelled, and burst the mail car to flinders, and piled up a solid dam of pulp thirty feet high, clear across the canyon. Crops in thirteen townships up the creek were a total loss, and the farmers came down to get in a 'local' on it at the *Bugle* office. When they found that the *Bugle* had been the cause of the rise (as it had been the cause of every rise in Simp-



kinsville, from Si Higgen's hanging to 'central property fifty per cent advance in one week after our trial number'), they went right in and raised the office roof and the devil's hair, and started a fire in front of the Court House.

"From the perfume that came my way as Bess and I travelled down the wind, I calculated they were boiling tar; but I haven't the least idea

it was to put a new roof on the *Bugle* office."

IDLE MOMENTS.

ST. PETER AGAIN.—Mortal—Can I come in? St Peter—No, you are wicked. Mortal—And do you mean to let me stay out in the cold? St. Peter (pleasantly)—Cold? Oh, no.

AN ARTISTIC VIEW.—Mrs. Talkerly—I should think Miss Paintly would shrink from marrying that old truant, Moneybags. Mrs. Manhattan—No; when I spoke to her about it she just laughed, and said she had always been fond of old masters.

NOT A MODEL BOY.—Rollo (after a lathering)—"You wait till I grow up." Father—"What will you do then?" Rollo—"Well, do I look like a boy that would return good for evil?"

BY THE SEA.—"I love the sea," remarked the modern young man to the girl as they sat on the beach gazing out

over the restless waves. "I don't see why," she responded earnestly, as she looked squarely at him; "it hasn't got any money."

ART CRITICISM.—"What do you think of my picture of Mephistopheles?" said a conceited painter to a critic. "Well, I don't think the devil is as bad as he is painted," was the discriminating reply.

HIS SUNDAY OUT.

He clutched the bars with adept grip,
And pressed the pedals fairly;
Then started on a scorching trip,
Seated on saddle squarely,
Until o'ertaken by a Cop,
Who clubbed him till he had to stop,
Led him before a magistrate
And dragged his wheel along as freight!
"Having a fine time, eh? Just so!
This is fine time; so pay and go!"

JULY FORESHADOWED.

Mary Temple Bayard

Will write of "The Communist Celibates of Economy," a peculiar and interesting sect at the town of Economy, in the United States. As an article on an economic subject it will be exceedingly valuable; as a piece of descriptive writing it will be found most pleasing.

Dr. Henry Hough

Will have an article on Victoria University, dealing with the circumstances of its birth, its growth and the leading educationists who have been connected with it. This article will be illustrated with drawings of the old and new buildings and portraits of its principals and other prominent persons.

Frank Yeigh

"Twenty-nine Years of Confederation" will be the title of an article by Frank Yeigh in the July issue. It will deal with the days and men of Confederation and the progress that has since been made. Besides being valuable from the point of view of giving information, it will be embellished with suitable and historical illustrations.

C. E. Macdonald

Will write of "The Highland Regiments and their Origin." This article will be pleasing reading to that large and important part of our population who are proud to acknowledge their Scotch descent.

Other Features.

Ian Maclaren will continue his story of Scotch life. There will be several bright short stories to suit the season. Some splendid illustrations are being prepared and the high standard set in this and previous issues will be maintained. There will be the usual complement of current topics, book reviews, etc.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

PER NUMBER, 25c.; YEARLY, \$2.50.

TORONTO, ONT.





From a Painting.

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